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From Publisher—To You

THERE have always been a certain number of people in the world who have viewed life, spiritually and mentally, as the Grand Tour. To them, man's progress from youth to the grave resembles much that European tour which used to be the finishing touch upon the education of fortunate young ladies.

ACCORDING to this view, there is one approved way to take the tour of life. The best roads are well marked, the signposts clear. Certain places and hotels along the way are either desirable or undesirable. Deviation from the route inevitably results simply in retracing your steps. Experiment, then, is not necessary. For there are famous guides who know the route and the guide-books —and if one memorizes their eloquent directions and follows them, one inevitably has a successful tour.

GRANTED such a philosophy, it is easy to understand the part authority has played in the world—and how the notion of there being just one way to live has led many people to insist that every man be persuaded, for his own good, to take the tour in the one and only way, viz., the way the persuaders considered best.

AS we see it, the main objection to this kind of thinking is not to the manner in which people from generation to generation have been advised to take the tour. The objection is more fundamental. It is that there isn't any tour to take. According to our view, life is a series of individual experiences which lead a man in the end only to his own truth or destruction. To persuade a man to take your tour is to deprive him of his best chance of arriving at his own goal—whether you call that arrival happiness or salvation or unity.

PERCEPTION of this, is the reason The Outlook seeks to be a magazine of honest inquiry and not an authoritative speaker of received opinions. It is also the reason it selects its articles from so many diverse sources and people.

From our standpoint, the day of "tours" is over.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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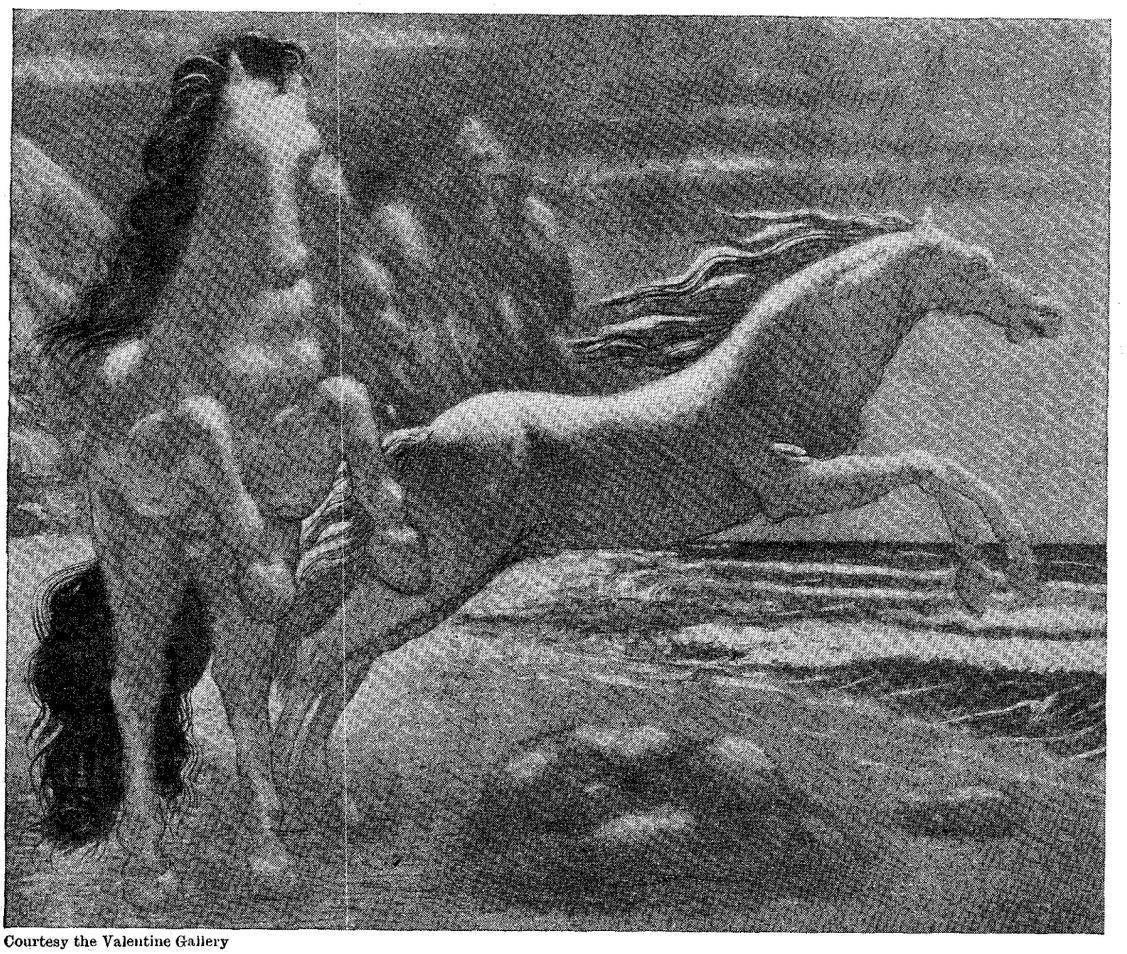

Courtesy the Valentine Gallery

"LA JOIE SOUDAINE"

By Giorgio de Chirico

Surrealisme is the newest evolution of the French intellectual painters. Its exponents aim to unite the mental and emotional impulses of poetry, music, and painting in a synthesis of the illustrative, sentimental, and plastic. Giorgio de Chirico is one of the leading artists of this group

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The Outlook

February 29, 1928

Events of the Week

Mr. Hoover's Affairs. THE coalition against the candidacy of Herbert Hoover, predicted in a recent issue of The Outlook, seems to be an established fact. While the Secretary of Commerce fished in Florida and composed pronouncements on prohibition, flood control, and other public matters, former Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, and Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, entered the Ohio primaries. They authorized Willis delegate candidates to pledge them their support for second choice at the Republican National Convention. The Willis campaign manager announced at the same time that at no time would the Ohio Senator's delegates support Mr. Hoover at Kansas City.

Words of encouragement for Mr. Hoover came from Representative John C. Ketcham, of Michigan, former master of the State Grange, member of the farm bloc and of the House Committee on Agriculture. Mr. Ketcham declared he would support the Secretary of Commerce with assurance that he will have the keenest "sympathy, understanding, and concern about agriculture."

More Television. WE have heard a great deal of late weeks about John Baird's "radio eye," which has enabled persons sitting in a darkened cellar in a New York suburb to see people in London, and the impression seems in some way to have been given that this is largely a new thing. The radio eye is nothing but another system of television which transmits its signals by radio across the Atlantic, and uses the infra-red ray to "see" by.

Readers have become familiar with television through more or less recent reports of the successes of Dr. Ives, of the Bell System, and Dr. Alexanderson, of the General Electric Company. Though all television systems vary in detail, they are virtually identical in principle; and it now seems to be a race to see which one will get there first with an apparatus that can be put into practical use. All systems depend on splitting into a mosaic the image to be transmitted, sending the mosaic to its destination in the form of electrical impulses, (over either radio or wire) and unscrambling them at the other end by suitable apparatus.

Baird, the Scottish inventor who holds the stage just now, has obtained extra publicity and the credit for being something of a scientific mystery man by placing the subject in a dark room, under an invisible ray. This "invisible ray" is simply the infra-red ray, or, in common terms, radiant heat, and there is nothing more mysterious about it than there is in the heat from a cook-stove which is infra-red also. It is one part of the great gamut of known ether waves —Hertzian waves, infra-red rays, visible light, ultra-violet rays, X-rays, gamma rays of radium, and cosmic rays—and happens to be a part which the eye does not sense but which the apparatus does. Baird's publicity methods have been more "American" than those of his two American competitors.

"Same Old Tammany." REMARKS of Nathan Burkan, district leader, concerning the "new Tammany:"

"We in Tammany Hall don't recognize the name at all. I've been a member of Tammany Hall since I cast my first vote in 1900, and I'm the same Tammany man that I was then. The party progresses, of course, and it's well represented by Governor Smith, Mayor Walker, Senator Wagner, Surrogate Foley, and such fine citizens. But there's no such thing as a new Tammany, any more than there is a new G. O. P."

"Jim" Reed Courts the South. SENATOR REED, of Missouri is invading Texas for a speaking engagement in Dallas as presumably an avowed Presidential candidate. While there is no evidence of a serious drive for the Texan delegation to the Democratic National Convention, there is possibly more politics in it than in a routine campaigning trip.

If Senator Reed can sell himself and his principles as tolerable campaign issues in Texas, he might just conceivably make it possible for the Texas delegates to vote for him at a crucial point in the Convention's proceedings. If, for instance, the largest State in the South should come before the Convention just when the deadlock was getting serious and announce, "We can't accept Smith, but we are willing to compromise with you by voting for a man of Smith's essential principles like Reed," the effect might be contagious. With Reed at the head of the ticket, some believe that an Eastern Democrat like David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts, a Roman Catholic, might be named for second place, to take the curse off a Smith rejection.

To be sure, the realization of anything like this would require a good deal of "selling" from "Jim" Reed in Texas. The old Wilson group of Cabinet and other high appointees in the State still have considerable authority behind the scenes in Texas politics and have shown no indications of forgiving Reed for his opposition to Wilson major policies. To make Texas support at any stage of the game possible, Reed must interest the

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voters and the new generation of politicians in his candidacy sufficiently to overcome the older group's informal veto power in the delegation's decisions.

A Report from Chicago. STATISTICS of a leading industry in Mayor Thompson's city: Dead in three-year battle between police and gangsters—police, 32; gangsters, 143.

A Government Scientist. AFTER devoting thirty-three years to the work of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes has retired from the position of Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology in order to devote the remainder of his life uninterruptedly to research.

Few men have done so much as Dr. Fewkes for the cause of ethnology and archæology in America. A disciple of Agassiz, he was a pioneer in the present method of archæological preservation. He founded and for many years edited the "Journal of American Ethnology." He has gathered what is, perhaps, the world's best collection of Indian pottery of the Southwest. He brought about the establishment of Mesa Verde as a National Park and personally supervised the restoration of many of its cliff dwellings and temples. Most important of all, his professional associates say, he has assembled data upon which will rest much of the work of the future in American ethnology.

It was for the sake of adding to this store of data that he retired from his official position.

Salesman for the Tiger. THE amiable and decorative James J. Walker, Mayor of New York City, has again taken the road. He departed equipped with a valet, innumerable dress shirts, and a dazzling variety of cravats.

Pleasure was the announced objective of his journey to the South, and much was made of the fact that he would visit the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. But a Presidential election is not far off, and somehow politics crept into the speaking at the first dinner that Mayor Walker attended in Baltimore. It was soon demonstrated that New York's Mayor, one of Tammany Hall's brightest assets, was not averse to persuading suspicious Southerners that the Tiger is really an estimable beast. Nor did he hesitate to predict the nomination and election of Governor Alfred E. Smith.

Governor Smith is openly doing nothing to gain the Democratic Presidential nomination and officially is not a candidate. So the Honorable Mayor of New York was estopped from making the real purpose of his trip too plain. Most of his predictions had to be made in private conversations. Governor Smith, he insisted, had not asked him to make the journey.

Mayor Walker went South about a year ago, and was warmly received. Following his trip abroad the somewhat conservative Boston "Transcript" remarked that the State Department might well give a life job to one so gifted at spreading good will. Even in Alabama, the stronghold of Tom Heflin, Walker will please his hosts. They will be smart enough to interpret his trip correctly. They will, however, enjoy him hugely.

Against Waste and Wildcats. LEGISLATION asked by the Federal Oil Conservation Board to permit co-operative development of oil pools, without violation of Federal and State anti-trust laws, should discourage, if not eliminate, some of the worst waste and wildcatting abuses in the present conduct of the oil industry.

As the situation is today, when a number of owners begin tapping a great subterranean oil pool at once, it is legally dangerous for them to get together and agree to cap it or restrict the flow until it can be exploited in a period of scarcity. Even if they escape conviction for restraint of trade activities, their more ardent competitors can often put them through a long and costly bit of court procedure to prove their innocence.

To stay out of the toils of the law, it is safer to let the gushers gush and exhaust the field for such profits as easy production may win in a somewhat glutted market. Then, when the pool is dry and the profits counted, the promoting corporations, which might have enjoyed several years of steady income instead of a few months of not always magnificent affluence, are naturally tempted to trade on their reputation as gusher-finders and move over to the next county for a little wildcatting.

The anti-trust laws, in other words, when rigidly applied in the oil industry put a premium, not on intelligent competition, but on a reckless production which drives the average independent producing company from extremes of luck to extreme means of testing luck and often to bankruptcy. There has been, of course, a certain amount of obviously dishonest promotion in the oil industry. But a great deal of equally ruinous promotion has been due to the fact that owners of productive properties have been forced to drain these wastefully at a slight profit, and then either capitalize their reputation and their slight success in less promising ventures or go out of business.

What they have been driven to is not so much competition as a needlessly destructive endurance contest.

Man and Superman. ADVICE to young ladies by Dr. Frederick Lent, President of Elmira College, which claims to be the oldest college for women in the United States:

"A woman had better never be married, if to do so she must tie herself to a man who is her inferior. There are other ways of being happy and useful. Women are the strongest. Woman holds the place of power, the supreme place in the world. It was so in Biblical days. The first woman, Eve, is a real woman. Beside her Adam is colorless. It was she who took the initiative and led Adam by the nose. It is said that a rib was taken out of Adam to make Eve. One wonders if his whole backbone did not come out with the rib, because he seems to have none left. . . . Compared with Rebecca, Isaac was almost a nonentity. He probably called her 'mamma.'"

Flapper Saints. EXCERPT from the address of the Rt. Rev. James H. Darlington before the first triennial Convention of the Confraternity of the Mystical Life, as reported by the press:

"We have many saints in our higher offices today, and there are many flapper saints in short skirts. Don't judge by outer appearances. The Holy Spirit is a real person within our hearts, but nobody ever analyzed the work of the Holy Spirit. We should pray each day to the Holy Ghost directly. We should try to get back to the childhood spirit. Beauty parlors won't do it. The Holy Spirit is here to make us younger."

Einstein Scores Three. THREE recently reported scientific experiments further confirm the Einstein theory, which the majority of scientists now tentatively accept—which is as far as scientists ever accept any theory. A short time ago Dr. K. K. Illingworth repeated the famous "Michelson-Morley" experiment. This experiment is what originally caused Einstein to throw out as superfluous the old ether concept, because it revealed none of the theoretical passage or "drift" of the earth through the hypothetical ether which had pre-

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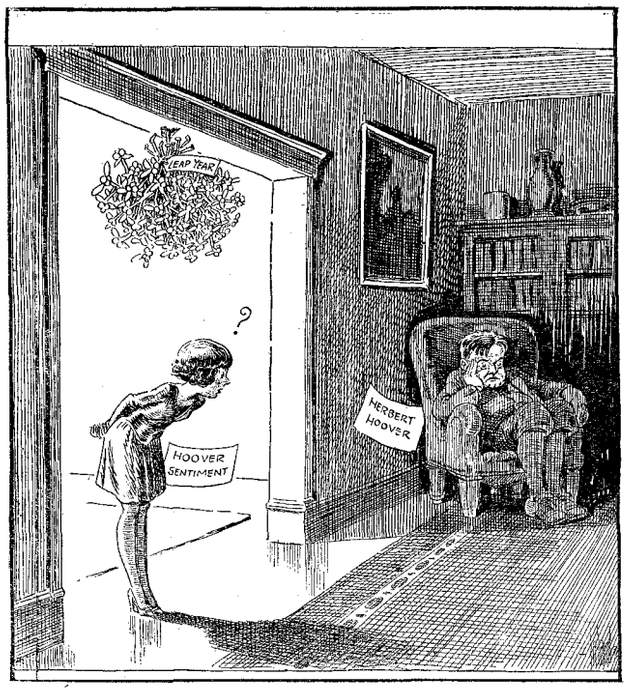
Cartoons of the Week

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



"Oh, Herbie!"

From F. M. Kendall, Columbus, Ohio

Kirby in the New York World

Look who's here!

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

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It's taken six years to get the stain out of the family carpet

From Celeste Weyl, New York, N. Y.

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer

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Now the fun begins

From Gertrude L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

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viously been predicted. In his experiment Dr. Illingworth found no ether drift. Einstein is thereby provided with still another prop. If an ether drift could be demonstrated, the Einstein theory, as Einstein himself says, would go a-glimmering.

Two Swiss scientists, Drs. Piccard and Stahel, recently performed ether-drift experiments high up in the Alps. No ether drift was observed; Einstein's score.

Photographs of the moon, taken at the last eclipse and just measured, show that the moon has the same apparent diameter during an eclipse as at other times. This again favors Einstein.

Professor Dayton C. Miller, a notably careful physicist, performed ether-drift experiments a year or two ago and actually did obtain a definite ether drift. This caused a flurry among scientists. His results were given unusually serious attention because of his reputation as a good scientist, but science is now gradually coming around to the belief that some hidden error was involved in his tests. Although most astronomers regard the Einstein theory as a favorite over the classic or Newton theory, it will be a long time before it is regarded as a definitely proved law. One such experiment, apparently disproving relativity, as Dr. Miller's forces scientists to go back and review the entire evidence once more. And the same thing is likely to happen again.

When Is Acting Labor? An American actress, Miss Alden Gay, has been denied a permit to act in London. The permit was refused by the Minister of Labor.

Immigrants in England are not allowed to take jobs that English labor can fill. Apparently, the line between labor and art in England is drawn at $100 a week. Foreign actresses or actors who can draw over this sum are allowed to appear on the English stage. America, in at least this respect (pessimists please take notice), is more liberal than her British cousins, for it is estimated that there are more than four hundred English actors employed in the United States, despite the limitations of our Immigration Law.

The Actors' Equity Association is inquiring into the treatment of Miss Gay. It has denied that it intends to ask for any reprisals against English performers in this country. There should be no reprisals. We welcome England's excellent actors to our stage. What we are after is good drama, and the theatre-going public doesn't care much who supplies it.

Dangerous America. Mixed tribute paid to us by Sir Philip Gibbs, journalist and novelist, while addressing the Newman Society at Oxford, England:

"America is the most dangerous nation in the world today, because it is too highly organized and volatile, so that overnight a passion of pity or hate could sweep the country and rouse it to action which would be either beneficial or detrimental to the world.

"I do not hold the common opinion that America is money mad. I find Americans are inspired by the romance of the struggle of great business enterprise and are faithful to the facts of success. I think you will find Americans are the most idealistic people on earth. . . . The reason Englishmen are inclined these days to carp at Americans is because England is living in the past. Modern civilization is too fast for it. Some rather fear than accept progress. America represents progress."

Just Air. Every year or two the scientists discover a new chemical element; lately a scientist has abolished one. It has turned out that the element called "nebulium" never has even existed. Nebulium was inferred; it was never seen, touched, or weighed. In 1864 Sir William Huggins, an English astronomer, found some new lines in the spectrum of a nebula. Now each element writes its own unique signature in the spectral lines, the familiar Fraunhofer lines crossing the spectral band like bars. No other way to account for the Huggins lines having been demonstrable, a new element was predicated—nebulium. Recently Dr. I. S. Bowen, of the famous California laboratory headed by the scientist Millikan, proved that nebulium is simply a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen—air—under conditions never duplicated on earth. So an element goes glimmering after half a century of theoretical existence.

Perhaps, some would say, it was a little foolish to postulate an element from theoretical evidence so distant. Be that as it may, another element was once "discovered" in the sun by the same method, and, though unknown on earth, like nebulium, it was given a name and a place on the chemist's table of elements. And this element, helium, found later on earth, now fills dirigible airships, and tubes used for some of the new type of electric advertising signs, and finds practical applications aplenty.

It happens that a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen on earth is simply air; what is it when observed in a nebula? May we infer any identity of conditions between the two occurrences? Newspaper despatches leave us to make some such inference, yet the logical inference shoots wide of the mark, extremely wide. No human being, no animal, could live one second on a nebula.

The main significance of Dr. Bowen's revelation is that a hypothetical ghost in the garret of science has been laid.

The American Taint in Bridge. No American innovations for British sportsmen—not even in playing auction bridge, and no matter whether the innovation is or is not good. The fine old Portland Club—which is regarded by English bridge players much as the Knickerbocker Club is by Americans—has been solemnly debating the momentous question whether or not majority calling shall prevail, as in America. In England "three spades" is better than "four clubs," in America not.

The Portland Club finally put forth the Orphic utterance that it was optional for any club to adopt the innovation—at its peril, one supposes; but to revoke the rule— Never!

The reason for the hesitation and indecision is expressed by a press correspondent as follows: "Had majority calling not been an American innovation the British would have accepted it, but the very idea of having rules imposed upon them by Americans made the British clubmen shudder, and although they admit privately that majority calling is more sensible they stick to the old game."

The discussion causes the same writer to comment on the effect of race temperament on bridge playing: the English bridge player is solemn and calls, "One no trump," with reverence, as if he were to say, *"Dominus vobiscum;"* the French are gay and talk all the time. And the Americans? A little of both, we opine.

"We" Will Keep on Flying. Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War, recently promised to ask Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to stop "stunt flying." Reporters asked him what his answer would be, and got the following "crisp, almost blunt" retort:

"I can say this much: I don't consider what I have been doing stunt flying. I regard my flights as carefully calculated, ordinary ventures that have a minimum

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Acme

EMBLEMS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

Colonel Lindbergh upon his return to St. Louis. The flags of the nations he has visited may be seen painted on his plane

of danger. However, anything in the nature of aviation or the like that is in the experimental stage is hazardous.

"At present I do not believe that my flying may be classed as experimental. Aviation as a whole has passed that point. It is quite possible that in the future I shall do some experimental flying, and any man who engages in such activities must take the risks that go with it. . . . Improvements in aviation are certain. They must come, and they cannot be made unless experiments are made. If it happens that I am killed doing these things, I am willing to make the sacrifice."

Who Loves a Submarine? SECRETARY KELLOGG said in an interview in Ottawa recently that the United States would be ready to offer treaties to other countries outlawing submarine warfare by prohibiting the building and use of submarines.

British opinion at once responded cordially to the suggestion. Great Britain, it will be recalled, tried to achieve this object at the Washington Conference.

French opinion rejected the idea. France, it may also be recalled, opposed the plan at the Washington Conference.

An incident may illustrate the reasons for both attitudes. An American eyewitness described it.

In the autumn of 1924 a British passenger liner was approaching the French port of Cherbourg. A French submarine came to the surface off the bows and shot a trial torpedo across the steamer's course into a target. The officers on the bridge frowned. The passengers lined the rail. The submarine submerged. It came up again, astern, and shot another torpedo across the steamer's wake into another target. The rails were now black with passengers. The ship's officers were all watching intently. The submarine submerged. It came up once more ahead, and shot a third torpedo across the bows into its target. The officers frowned. The submarine submerged and did not reappear.

Such little demonstrations do not increase the sense of security, but they serve to explain both the British and French points of view about submarine warfare.

Religion in the Colleges. AT the close of a three-day conference at Princeton on religion in the colleges, President Little, of the University of Michigan, summarized what he believed to be the religious views of the thinking youth of today.

Youth, he said, "does not take to dogmatism" and demands that "hypocrisy, obscurantism, and skillful dodging of issues" be discarded. It wants to know why a religion that believes in immortality keeps alive the hopelessly suffering, and how religion is to be squared with a "social system" that spawns unwanted children. It questions forms of recreation that "undo in leisure time the good done in hours of the classroom." Its attitude toward the enforcement of law should be understood in the light of the fact that younger people "do not violate it nearly as much as we do, the generation that passed the law." Youth, he said, is "not particularly desirous of worshiping rich persons." In response to urgings to vote, youth asks, "why vote?" when candidates are put up by parties that condone bad faith and dishonesty. Toward international matters, Dr. Little said, youth's attitude is that of questioning the practice of "me first." Towards marriage youth's attitude is one of resentment against the social pressure which tends to make marriage "an unbreakable contract" from which "physical death seems to be the only means of escape for both contracting parties who are suffering mental and spiritual death every day." Finally, Dr. Little said that youth could not be expected to rally to a Church in which intolerance was disguised as religion and other forms of mediævalism were permitted to survive.

This is what President Little called the "Bill of Questions" of a generation which he believes is nearer the truth about religion than ever before and that "recognizes the need for going back to the fearless, courageous attitude of Christ."

An Injunction by Wholesale. WHEN may an injunction from a court of equity properly be made a remedy as against injuries alleged to be impending? When is a "contract" not a contract? These were the two questions answered in the decision of the New York Supreme Court refusing to issue an injunction at the request of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

The order was not sought as against the employees of the company, but against the Amalgamated Association of the Street and Electrical Railway Engineers Association and also against the American Federation of Labor, to which the Amalgamated belongs. The President of the Federation, its other officers, its three and a half million members,

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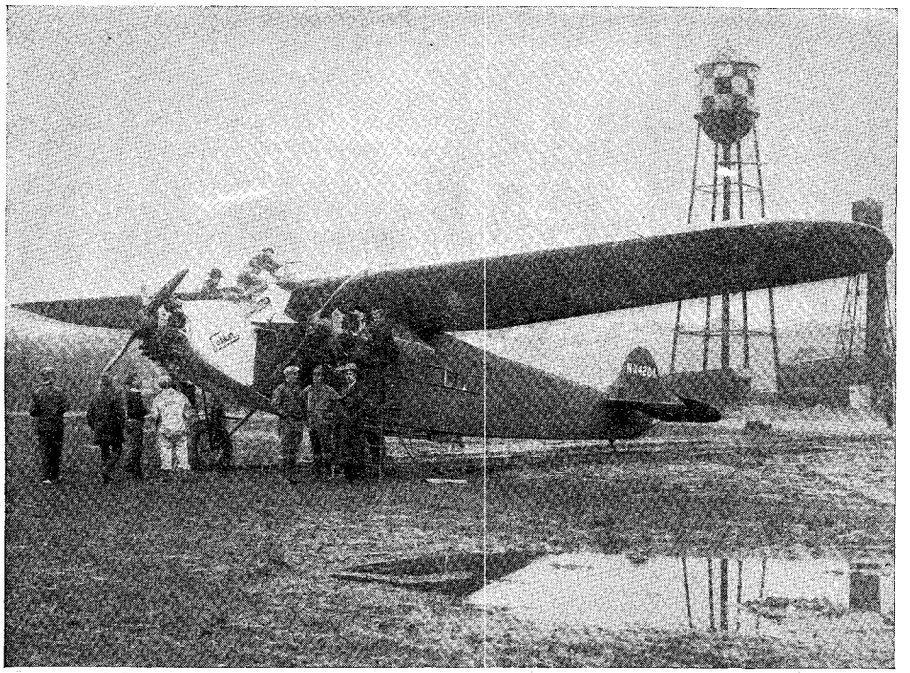

Underwood & Underwood

TO VISIT THE SOUTH POLE

The Fokker plane in which Commander Byrd will attempt a voyage of exploration to the Antarctic being tested at the Hasbrouck Heights Airport, New Jersey

and every one belonging to the Amalgamated would, if the injunction were granted, be ordered to abstain from any act that might lead any I. R. T. motorman to join the Amalgamated.

As an extension of the use of the injunction this calm request could not further go!

The I. R. T. based its argument upon the fact that each man of its workers when he asks for a job is told to sign a "contract" which, among other things, specifies that he may not join any union except the Brotherhood, commonly known as the "company union." The contract is for a term of two years, but the workman has practically no recourse if discharged. On the other hand, the company may offhand discharge men for any one of a long list of charges—incompetency or carelessness, for instance, joining any union except the Brotherhood for another, bad business for a third. Justice Wasservogel, who delivered the decision, said: "Unlimited and practically unhampered power to discharge employees is given the company."

In short, the contract is wofully lopsided.

The Tendency to Limit the Injunction. A WRITTEN contract to be enforceable must show mutual advantages or considerations, and of this particular "contract," says Justice Wasservogel in the case of the Interborough, the provisions are, "to say the least, inequitable."

He who comes into a court of equity must deal equitably. Because of the nature of this one-sided contract, Justice Wasservogel refused the injunction demanded. An appeal will probably be taken, but it is remembered that in the recent similar Lavin case, growing out of the strike of 1926, the Court of Appeals reversed a decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the I. R. T.

It is not surprising that President Green, of the Federation, regards the decision as an evidence of the tendency to restrict the arbitrary use of injunction and contempt-of-court proceedings. Bills to that effect are before Congress and the New York Legislature.

The injunction has its place, and in that place is a valuable instrument; it is a good servant, but a poor master. Its liability to abuse is shown in the fact that it has sometimes allowed a judge to lay down a rule of conduct, later to declare that it had been violated, and finally to inflict punishment—all without a jury and without the right of appeal. A writer once pointed out in The Outlook that this is like the old English way of getting around the law that forbids imprisonment for debt. He said:

> All this brings to mind the famous statement of the philosopher in Scott's "Antiquary." He told his nephew that there was no imprisonment for debt in Scotland. What really happened was that the creditor informed the King of the debt, and thereupon the King wrote his gracious "letters in four forms," commanding the debtor within a given time to pay his debt. The debtor, obstinately refusing to do so, was then denounced as a rebel by three blasts of a horn in Edinburgh. After which he was arrested, not in the least as a debtor, but solely as a rebel against his Most Gracious Majesty the King.

Tilden Changes His Mind. THE five-star final ultimatum presented to the ruling officials of the Davis Cup Committee by William T. Tilden II has been withdrawn, and it is probable that the best players of the country will be available for the Davis Cup team matches. Tilden, when he presented his ultimatum, was vehement in his declaration that the only way to win the cup back from France was to go over early and train there for several months.

When the officials here declined to do this and elected to play instead in the American preliminary zone, Tilden announced that he would not remain here for the trials, but would go to Europe on his own. And, what is more, he announced that he would take Francis T. Hunter with him. Hunter has just been named the No. 2 player on our National ranking.

However, Tilden had a change of heart and agreed to stay here "if the Committee wants him." This makes it appear certain that we will have, for the eighth year in a row, the angular Philadelphian as the mainstay of our Davis Cup team.

He has outlasted his partner with whom he won back the trophy in 1920. William M. Johnston, the beloved "Little Bill" of California, was unranked on this year's list because he played not enough tennis during the past season. That means the end of one of the most popular and arresting figures of any of our sports, so far as his serious competition is concerned.

Another retiring figure was Julian S. Myrick, for so long the chairman of the Davis Cup Committee. Myrick has been president and an official of tennis since the tennis days of Newport. Under his forceful guidance the game grew from a pastime comparatively unpopular with the masses into one of the most widely played and followed of sports. During the course of that career Myrick made a great many enemies and friends. He was, perhaps, the most discussed sports official in America after Vincent Richards and Tilden had fought with him and accused him of running tennis to suit himself.

His place has been taken by Joseph Wear, of Philadelphia, a man not so

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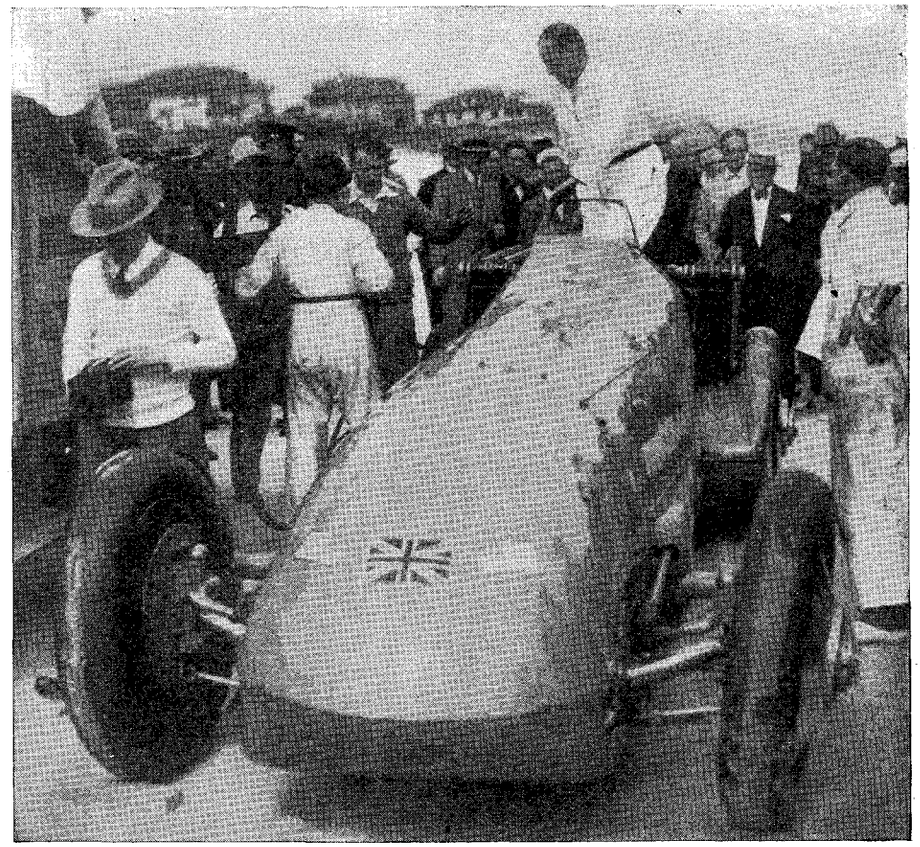
widely known in lawn tennis but of the strongest of reputations in amateur sport. Wear was for long a champion player of that most involved of all tennis games, court tennis or tennis, as the British call it, the sport being the original form of the game.

The Passing of Asquith. AMERICANS remember better as Herbert Asquith than as Lord Oxford and Asquith the one-time leader of the British Liberal Party who died last week in London.

Asquith summed up in his personality and public life the spirit of that Liberalism which still declares its vague faith in an opportunity for each individual to develop and realize himself up to the point of not interfering with any one else. A fine idealistic creed—somewhat wistfully out of touch with the actualities of Conservative and Labor Party conflicts in contemporary England. In sharp contrast, too, with the opportunism of Lloyd George—a practical politician to whom Liberalism was a means of power.

Asquith as war-time Prime Minister revealed the handicaps of his own Liberal temperament and training in his differences with Lloyd George. As the antagonism between the two former associates grew, Asquith's very tolerance and fair-mindedness kept him from dealing with his rival in the ruthless fashion Lloyd George was capable of adopting. So command passed to the younger man. But, in turn, Liberalism under Lloyd George showed the same incapacity after the war to deal decisively with adversaries and with the circumstances of the reconstruction period. So control passed to the Labor Party, and then to the Conservatives, who now dominate affairs in Great Britain—while Lloyd George and Asquith factions divided the historic Liberal Party against itself and reduced it to an insignificant Parliamentary minority.

The passing of Asquith seems symbolic of the passing of Liberalism itself, and of the age which made it possible and which it expressed.



Underwood & Underwood

"THERE IS NO LIMIT TO SPEED"

says Captain Malcolm Campbell, English racing driver, shown above with his Blue Bird car in which he broke the world's automobile speed record on Daytona Beach, February 19

Great Circles. MR. DENIS F. CASHMAN, of Wright Field, at Dayton, says that a real round-the-world airplane flight has never been made. He quotes the Arctic explorer Stefansson to the same effect. What all the aerial circumnavigators have thus far done is to fly across a "corner" of the world—if an oblate spheroid may by a kind of poetic license be given corners.

To fly around the world, what seamen call a "great circle course" must be chosen—either one that truly halves the earth in any one direction just as the equator does, or a meridian and its opposite meridian, or an imaginary diagonal meridian. Courses laid far north of equatorial latitudes are considerably shorter than great circles; a course which followed the Tropic of Cancer would in a sense lead "around" the world, but it would be a shorter course than a great circle course; another course around the Arctic Circle would fall still farther into the same category; while, by *reductio ad absurdum*, all the aspirant for world-flight honors would have to do to accomplish a circumnavigation would be to fly in a small circle just outside the pole.

Actual experiment with a globe removes many misconceptions about distances, directions, and shortest routes from anywhere to anywhere. For example, if one draws on the average flat Mercator map a straight line representing the shortest route between San Francisco and Tokyo, and then applies a length of string to the same route on a globe, the discovery one will make concerning the route traversed may prove little short of startling.

Mr. Cashman suggests two true round-the-world air-flight courses: one around the equator or near it; the other down the length of South America, across the South Pole, and up by way of Australia and Asia to the North Pole, and back by way of Greenland. These would be real, great circle circumflights.

Indiana's Governor. EDWARD JACKSON, Republican Governor of Indiana, has been freed of the charge of attempted bribery, not for lack of evidence that the alleged attempt at bribery was made—four witnesses testified to that—but because the State failed to prove a specific act of concealment. Special Judge McCabe held that the action was therefore barred by the statute of limitations, and he dismissed the indictment.

At the time of Governor Jackson's alleged offense—an attempt to bribe his predecessor, Governor W. T. McCray—he was Secretary of State, an office which he has four times held, and was in a sense the head of the Republican Party in the State.

Governor McCray was entering upon those troubles which resulted in his being sent to the penitentiary for using the mails to defraud. The prosecutor of Marion County, the Governor's son-in-

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law, resigned. The charge against Jackson was that he offered Governor McCray immunity from prosecution and $10,000 in cash if the Governor would appoint James E. McDonald to the vacant prosecutorship.

Former Governor McCray testified at the trial that Governor Jackson did offer him $10,000 and an implied promise of immunity through the influence of George V. Coffin, Chairman of the Marrion County Republican Committee. As to the offer of the $10,000, Governor McCray was corroborated by Fred B. Robinson, his former political manager; W. P. Evans, former county prosecutor; and D. C. Stephenson, former Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and now a life prisoner. Stephenson testified that he furnished the money.

Indictments against George V. Coffin, Marion County Republican Chairman, and Robert I. Marsh, former law partner of Governor Jackson, are still to be disposed of. They are charged with being parties to the same attempt to bribe Governor McCray. Whether the State will attempt to prove in their case a specific act of concealment and thereby to bring the offense within the time allowed by the statute of limitations remains to be decided.

Rubber Restriction not a Success. ABOUT five years ago the British, who were then growing most of the world's rubber supply on their Far Eastern plantations, decided to restrict the output of rubber and thus raise the price. This was the Stevenson Act, which has been pretty well aired in the press, and is therefore widely known. As a result, according to Mr. E. G. Holt, Chief of the Rubber Division of the United States Department of Commerce, writing in the "India Rubber World," the British production has declined, the sales price of rubber to the plantation owner has not materially increased, but other nations which did not enter the restriction agreement are now producing more and more of the world's rubber and threatening for the first time to produce more than half of it.

Evidently the Stevenson Act has not acted as it was intended to act, and British growers are now looking around for some better way to get the situation in hand; they are said to be trying to get the competing Dutch rubber planters into the restriction agreement. In the meantime, however, the high prices initially brought about by the restriction act have set about several developments, some of which are likely to defeat the very purpose of the act. Of these, reclaimed rubber is one. Another is the recent movement of American rubber consumers—Ford, Firestone, and others —toward growing our own rubber, or at least enough of it to influence the market. Another is guayule rubber grown in California. America consumes eighty per cent of the rubber of the world. Mr. Holt believes that a continuation of the restriction policy will eventually cause a larger shift of production to non-British areas and that, "from the Empire point of view, this situation can hardly be looked upon with equanimity."

From Washington

Hoover and Willis. SECRETARY OF COMMERCE HOOVER, in one week, entered the Ohio Presidential primary and went to Florida to fish. He asked the Bureau of Fisheries to pick a fishing place for him, but attended to the other matter himself. He declared for "the great objectives" of the Coolidge policies and against the use of money—except moderately and under strict accounting. He will continue as Secretary of Commerce and will leave the making of the campaign in Ohio to his friends.

Those friends have lost no time in making it. Even before Secretary Hoover's announcement was in print Ohio was in the midst of the hottest Republican fight that it or any other State has known in recent years.

To begin with, Hoover rather clearly had six districts—three in Cleveland, two in Cincinnati, and one down the Mahoning Valley. The other sixteen apparently are in the possession of Senator Willis—and, therefore, to be battled for. Hoover would have, on the present showing, twelve district delegates to Willis's thirty-two, the seven for the State at large doubtless going with the majority of the districts.

The Hoover forces are claiming many recruits from the Willis ranks. The only sizable one that they definitely show is Maurice Maschke, Republican National Committeeman. He is said by impartial observers to have left Willis because he fears his own city of Cleveland would be lost to the Republicans if he should support so ardent a dry as Willis.

This appears to be a classing of Hoover as a not so dry. And, indeed, he has been jockeyed into the position of a wet—in Ohio. Whether his managers willingly let him go into that position is not certain, but his opponents have certainly tried to force him there. Most of his chief lieutenants in Ohio are credited with rather a high alcoholic content.

Hoover's Two Ordeals. MR. HOOVER must return from his fishing trip to face two ordeals. He must answer Senator Borah's questionnaire. If his answer is bone dry, he will draw some support from Willis but will lose some of the wet support that he already has. He must go before a Senate committee and state his position on Mississippi River flood control. If he favors putting part of the cost on the States, he stands to lose some of his popularity in the lower valley. If he favors putting all of the burden on the Federal Government, he must disagree with President Coolidge.

Meanwhile, Senator James E. Watson has become a candidate in his own State of Indiana. He is known to be entirely friendly to the Dawes candidacy. Present indications are that Hoover will not enter the Indiana contest.

In Washington the Hoover campaign has lined up three members of the Cabinet—Secretary of Interior Work, Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, and Post-Master-General New. New, it should be remembered, is the sworn enemy of Watson in Indiana politics. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, because he is a Californian, and Attorney-General Sargent, because he is a personal friend of the President, are claimed for Hoover but have made no commitments. The other four—Mellon, Kellogg, and the two Davises—are not now counted in the Hoover camp.

It is said, on as good authority as can be found on that subject, that the powers in the Ku Klux Klan, at a meeting in Washington, decided to support Hoover—not that they wanted him, but that they feared they could not get the man they did want.

Making McNary-Haugen Palatable. THE Senate Committee on Agriculture has favorably reported the new McNary-Haugen Bill. It contains the equalization fee, but in a somewhat sugar-coated form. Other features of the old bill that were objectionable to the President have been eliminated.

To Control the Mississippi. THE House Flood Control Committee has favorably reported a bill, written by its Chairman, Reid, of Illinois, radically different from the plan approved by the President and worked out by General Jadwin, of the Army and the Mississippi River Commission.

The Reid Bill would place upon the

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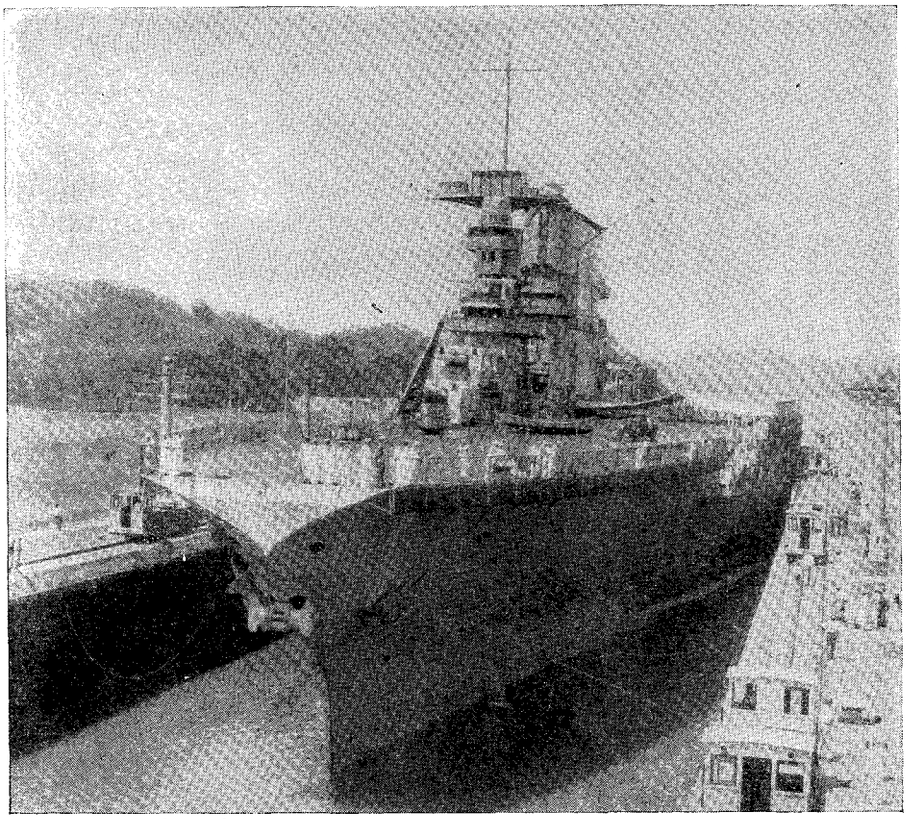

Underwood & Underwood

ANOTHER RECORD

U. S. S. Saratoga, the new airplane carrier, the largest ship ever to go through the Panama Canal, passing through the locks. A clearance of only two feet on either side made navigation difficult

Federal Government the entire cost of complete control of the Mississippi from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to the Gulf. The President said in his Message that the Mississippi River States ought to pay a part of the cost, and the Jadwin plan fixed their part at twenty per cent.

No specific plan is laid down in the Reid Bill for the accomplishment of the desired result. The bill would set up and give full control of the work to the Mississippi Valley Flood Control Commission of seven men, four of whom would be civilian engineers and scientists, the other three Army engineers.

A Senate committee, which also has conducted hearings, is still to report.

Wets and Drys in Congress. If a vote which has been heralded as a wet-and-dry test was really such, the drys in the lower house of Congress outnumber the wets by nearly five to one. That proportion may not be very far wrong, but the test was not a good one.

The vote came on an amendment, offered by Representative Linthicum, of Maryland, to the Treasury Supply Bill. Its effect would have been to prohibit the denaturing of commercial alcohol. The amendment was defeated by 287 to 61. While most of the 61 who voted for it are recognized wets, it is conceivable that drys might have voted for it on the ground that, since people will drink alcohol, it should not be poisoned. On the other hand, a few recognized wets did vote against it on the ground that, so long as prohibition is in the Constitution, the Government should be unhampered in its enforcement efforts.

Impressive as the majority was, it fails to give conclusive evidence as to the strength of the wets in Congress.

Oil and Campaign Funds. The trail of the Continental Trading Company's profits in that queer-looking oil deal still leads the Senate Committee by a devious route into queer places. Some of the bonds bought with those profits have been traced, apparently, into the treasury of the Republican National Committee. And there is a suspicion that others may be traced into the treasury of the Democratic National Committee.

The history of those which went to the Republican treasury seems to be this: That Will H. Hays, then Chairman of the Republican National Committee, solicited a contribution from Harry F. Sinclair to be applied on the Committee's deficit from the 1920 campaign; Sinclair contributed $75,000 in bonds, and witnesses who had to do with the sale of the bonds in the ordinary course of business have identified $26,000 of them as having come from the Continental "jackpot."

The belief that the Democratic National Committee may have got some of the Continental bonds is as yet only surmise, based on the fact that the Committee had a deficit of $600,000 after the 1920 campaign, that it was reduced to $200,000 without any statement as to where the money came from, and that Mr. Sinclair once said that he had contributed to both parties.

These revelations are likely to be interesting as showing how some men get the money which they contribute to political parties, but they probably will not show that to Chairman Hays or Chairman Hull this particular money looked different from any other money which Mr. Sinclair may have had.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

HOOVER as a candidate for President will mean something real to the rest of the world. Most of our candidates—our Presidents, too, for that matter—are merely names and faces to the people of other countries, as their rulers and leaders are to us. But Hoover is different—Hoover embodies a spirit they have felt directly in action.

Belgium knows him for the relief he brought her people during the war; all the Allied nations know him for his achievements as Food Administrator toward the winning of the war; Germany and Austria know him for having fed their sick and undernourished children after the war. Russia knows him for succor in time of famine; China, for the same reason; Japan, for aid in the disasters of earthquake and fire. Great Britain knows him, too, for opposition to her near-monopoly of rubber production and restriction of output. By no means as a humanitarian only is Hoover known abroad, but also as a statesman-engineer and industrialist. Yet he stands forth chiefly as a benefactor.

Lindbergh and Byrd have spread in other nations a new impression of certain aspects of American character—the youthful love of adventure and the spirit of scientific experiment. Hoover in the White House would typify another aspect of the United States with which people all over the earth feel familiar and friendly.

INTERVENTION by one American nation in the internal affairs of another came up for open debate in the Pan-

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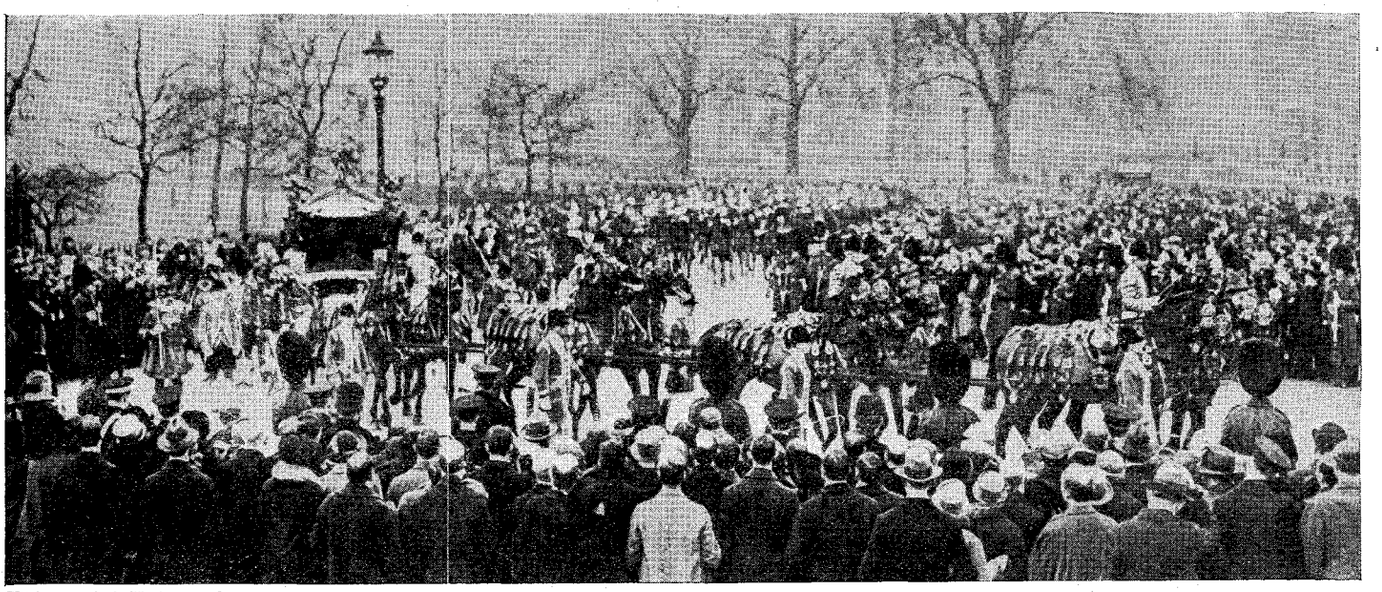

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King George of England riding in full state to open Parliament

American Conference at Havana, after all, despite attempts to keep the issue out of discussion. That, of course, meant a drive by certain Latin-American republics against the action of the United States in Nicaragua and other Central American and Caribbean countries. Charles E. Hughes, as chairman of the delegation of the United States, met the attack head on. In a speech that ended the argument he defended the policies of the Government at Washington, emphasized the necessity of protecting life and restoring order in lands where government has collapsed in civil warfare and can no longer exercise the attributes of sovereignty, and the absence of any desire in the United States to take the territory of any other nation or do more than foster and strengthen representative government. A resolution prohibiting any intervention was withdrawn. And the United States backed a plan to outlaw any aggressive war of one American state on another and to make arbitration of disputes obligatory. That fact will go far to offset any feeling about intervention, as the principle of amicable settlement of differences can be put into practical effect and extended.

AN ELECTRIC EYE in London flashed to New York recently, by short-wave radio transmission, moving pictures of a man and a woman. And conversations between America and Germany by radio-telephony marked the extension of transoceanic service to the Continent of Europe. So the amazing modern world manages to become a little more remarkable all the time. But I doubt whether New York will be able for some time to come to talk with Paris. Have you ever tried to get a French telephone connection?

HINDENBURG has again carried out one of his rare but usually effective interventions in German politics, to save the coalition Government of the Republic from a threatened collapse. The Cabinet of Chancellor Marx was in trouble over a proposed law to abolish religious instruction in the schools. The powerful industrialist People's Party sponsored the resolution; the Catholic Center Party of Dr. Marx opposed it. A break-up of the Ministry was in prospect—which would have meant dissolution of the Reichstag and new national elections, with all their uncertainties for the Government.

President Hindenburg then wrote a letter to the Chancellor, urging that the coalition be maintained and the Reichstag held together until certain highly important pieces of legislation are put through. These include the passage of the Budget—obviously bearing a vital relation to the fulfillment of the reparations program under the Dawes Plan.

A German monarchist is quoted as having said that the worst mistake of the royalists was in letting Hindenburg become President—because he takes his oath of office seriously and is loyal to his duty to the Republic. The old Field Marshal has given a fresh proof that he is one of the main hopes of the new Germany.

CHINA seems to be getting ready for another little war. The Nationalists of southern and central China have ended their party convention at Nanking—somewhat inconclusively, to be sure—and General Chiang Kai-shek has definitely reassumed leadership. He is the young commander who headed the Nationalist armies in their advance last year from Canton in South China to the central Yangtze Valley. And he is conferring with the "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang, in charge of the campaign against the northern militarists; while in Shensi Province, back of Peking, General Yen Hsi-shan, smarting from his defeat at their hands last year, is said to be ready to join Chiang and Feng with 100,000 men. The time is drawing near again of warm weather, when it is comfortable to fight, so hostilities in China may be expected to revive, and with some chance of a decisive test between the forces of the North and South.

WAR has left strange traces in England. Among odd emergency regulations remaining in force in London, which a Government committee is investigating with a view to revising them, are prohibitions of the sale of uncooked tripe or apricots after 9:30 o'clock at night. Tobacco, cooked tripe, chocolate, and apples may not be sold by a retailer after eight o'clock—and that seems unreasonable, nearly ten years after the Armistice. Yet it appears that the closing time for uncooked tripe and apricots may be set ahead to the same hour. Now what one American wants to know is why any one would want to buy uncooked tripe and apricots even at that hour in the evening. With all the other things to be had without restraint in London, they concentrate on tripe. Some differences between us can never be explained.

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Forgotten—the Department of Peace

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

THE managing editor of a Washington newspaper not long ago posted a notice to his reporters. In it he told them never to pay attention to a news item merely because it was important. News value, he said, rests on other things than importance.

That is shocking. But that managing editor was both discerning and candid, while many other people about Washington, and elsewhere, lack one or both of those excellent qualities. Washington—and the country—are pretty constantly agog over matters of no particular importance, while matters of the very greatest and gravest importance go wholly unnoticed.

Instance:

There sleeps in the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House a resolution authorizing a survey—an investigation, in plain language—of the Department of State. Practically nobody knows anything about that resolution.

Some calendar Wednesday the resolution will get favorable action, I hope. Then the country will sit up straight and look indignant and inquire: "What the blankety blank? Why doesn't Congress keep its dirty hands off of the pure white wings of the Administration?"

The country will be wrong, of course, because it is uninformed, and it is uninformed because this thing is important.

The present situation was brought about when a Representative in Congress made his maiden speech. He is in his second term, but had put in the first one working instead of talking. He is Frederick M. Davenport, Republican, of the Thirty-third New York District. His speech was a calm, fair-minded statement in which nobody was criticised, but which, none the less, was thoroughly startling.

Mr. Davenport said that the Department of State is "a long way from sound organization and safe functioning for the United States;" that from the standpoint of efficient business organization it is "as topsyturvy as Alice ever found Wonderland;" that "under the existing order it is little short of miraculous that things have gone as well as they have;" that "there is some grounds for fear" of a tendency, growing out of the inefficiency of the Department of State, "for nations to league against us either in Europe or the Far East."

Mr. Davenport was not criticising the Department of State. He showed that things are as they are largely because the Department has not enough money to make itself efficient.

If the country read just that much of the speech, it got indignant again, swore some more, and wanted to know why Congress did not give the State Department the money it needed.

But this happens to be one thing for which Congress is not to blame. It has given the State Department every dollar that has been asked for it—and more. Congress, on its own initiative, has given the State Department money that was not asked for.

If Mr. Davenport's statements are justified by the facts, and I believe they are, responsibility for a dangerous situation rests elsewhere than on Congress. When the survey is made, if it is, it will be made jointly and in amity by Congress and the State Department itself, and it will reveal—

It will reveal that the Department of State has a great deal more to do than it had ten years ago, and that it is much less able than it was ten years ago to do even what it did then.

Since the end of the World War international affairs have become, for us, national. We never had to bother about them much before. Now we must solve them or be bothered—and endangered—by them at every turn. Yet we came out of the war in a frame of mind to think as little as possible about international affairs.

During just that period the State Department has been on the slump, and for various reasons. Because of high salaries outside of the Government and because of other things it has brought into the lower grades a poorer class of men than it used to get—men who, because of lack of education and the like, have not been able to make themselves competent handlers of the data upon which the Secretary of State and his advisers must make international decisions; decisions upon which may hang the peace of the country, even of the world.

For forty years prior to 1923 the Department of State had been, so far as historical continuity was concerned, one man—Alva A. Adee. He was a genius unique in our history, perhaps in all history. Born deaf and dumb, he was enabled by a surgical operation to hear a little and to speak with difficulty. Handicapped as he was, he acquired a grasp of foreign affairs which no other has ever had and worked at them as, doubtless, no other ever will. Almost every summer he rode on a bicycle over a large part of Europe and brought back under his hat the first-hand knowledge that must now be sought from many sources.

This ten-year period has been, in its larger part, the period of the Budget Bureau and Coolidgeconomy. Both are excellent things, but they have not worked excellently for the Department of State.

The Bureau of the Budget has every year shaved the estimates of the Department of State rather deeply. State is the one Department that cannot advertise, that has no contracts to let, no largess to bestow. No interested and indignant citizens came to fight its battles. Subordinate officials could not go to Congress over the head of the Director of the Budget, and the Secretary did not choose to go over his head to the President. Secretary Hughes did not do it because he tried studiously to avoid a conflict with General Lord. And Secretary Kellogg has not done it because—well, he just has not.

And the Department of State, with expanded work and depleted personnel, has muddled through. Fortunately, it has the Rodgers Act, which gives it some decently salaried men in the foreign service and the right to call them to Washington for periods not exceeding four years. Thus, sometimes calling in $9,000-a-year men to fill $2,800-a-year jobs, it has kept its key positions filled. But in one year it has robbed the foreign service of fifty-one men.

The number of competent men that it can thus bring in is, to tell the plain truth, none too large. Good law that it is, the Rodgers Act has not been well administered, perhaps because administration has been in the hands of a board rather than of an individual. In any

(*Please turn to continuation, page 351*)

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Keyhole Men of America

AGAINST enemies, foreign and domestic, every citizen of the United States has sworn to protect the Nation. Since when has allegiance to this pledge—properly the concern of the Government—become the concern primarily of groups of private volunteers? Apparently, since the war.

The United States learned early in the World War that the country could be divided in feeling. That was a shock. Nationalistic groups—whose emotions obviously arose from origins abroad—argued and shook their fists at one another, even fought in streets and parks. Then American entry into the war forced the people to pull together. Pacifists found themselves in peril of their liberty; most of them bowed to the necessity of unified action. Later came Bolshevism in Russia, and all the alarms of international propaganda for revolution.

The outcome of the whole experience was to leave many Americans in an uneasy, ominous state of mind. Some deliberately, others unconsciously, disregarded the fundamental fact that the great mass of citizens of all origins and ranks had given a stirring display of loyalty, which completely outweighed the cases of divided sentiment or downright hostility to the American course in the war. They concentrated on evidences of disloyalty. With these they lumped and confused all criticism and differences of opinion as Red radicalism and treason. And then they constituted themselves the preservers and protectors of an Americanism which they assumed to define.

How far this sort of thing has gone the New York "World" has been showing in a significant series of news articles disclosing the existence of a widespread system of practical espionage, privately organized and supported in the name of patriotism and actually aiming at censorship and the suppression of freedom of speech. Various organizations were named —among them the Military Order of the World War, the Industrial Defense Association, the Reserve Officers Association, the Military Intelligence Association, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the American Protective Association, and the Key Men of America. The title of this last organization seems incomplete; it should be the Keyhole Men of America. It supplies members, who pay dues, with information on "radical and subversive forces, agencies, movements, organizations, and individuals."

Among the individuals apparently condemned and listed as dangerous by industrious agents of these organizations are Senator Borah; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt; Jane Addams; Bishop Brewster, of Maine; Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches; Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, President of Union Theological Seminary; Professor John Dewey; George Foster Peabody (on account of his interest in Negro schools); Zona Gale; Professor Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College; Rev. Dr. Frederick Lynch; Senator Norris; Professor Francis B. Sayre, of the Harvard Law School; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise; and President Mary E. Woolley, of Mount Holyoke College. Many instances are given by the "World" of interference with meetings and attempted silencing of educators, lecturers, and writers.

Such a self-constituted spy system, with its arrogation of authority to determine Americanism, is both superfluous and dangerous. This sort of thing arises from a static conception of America as finally fixed and perfect, instead of dynamic faith in America as constantly evolving and finding fitter forms of life. And with that static conception goes fear—fear of the foreigner, fear of change, fear of any criticism, fear of thought.

The first thing Americans actuated by these motives can do for America is to stop being afraid, to look around them with undismayed eyes and rediscover a belief in the abounding vitality of the true American idea, the vigorous growth of the American system of society. The next thing they can do is to recognize that there is just one center from which defenders of American security can draw authority and to which they should be responsible—the Government at Washington, which represents the interests of all the people.

Why This Naval Program?

WHAT are new ships wanted for?

To show us we can outbuild the world? No.

To put our Navy on a parity with Great Britain's according to the Naval Treaty? In one sense, yes; but in another sense, no.

To make up for the neglect of the past few years? Yes, that is perhaps the simplest way of stating the case.

Secretary Wilbur has stated the purpose of the naval program by saying that it is to give our fleet eyes.

In any naval program there are technical factors. The naval program before Congress is no exception. These factors the country will have to leave to the consideration of Congress. They have been explained by experts to the House Committee on Naval Affairs. To understand the reason why certain types of ships are needed it is necessary to have some knowledge of these technical factors. But with only passing reference to these factors, we may state the facts as follows.

Parity in naval affairs may be understood in one of two senses. It may denote equality in tonnage; or it may denote equality in effectiveness. Equality in tonnage is something that can be mathematically and simply defined. Equality in effectiveness is something that cannot be definitely known or measured. Under the treaty made at the Washington Conference, the ratio of 5–5–3 between the navies of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan was simply that of tonnage —and, besides, was confined to the tonnage of capital ships. We are entitled, therefore, to the same tonnage in capital ships as Great Britain; and we have that tonnage now.

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But capital ships—fighting ships of over 10,000 tons each—may be wholly ineffective unless they are accompanied with a certain number of lighter vessels to act as auxiliaries. Without auxiliaries, as Secretary Wilbur puts it, the fleet is blind. The number of auxiliaries does not necessarily depend upon the number of capital ships in the fleet. A certain number of auxiliaries is needed for any fleet. We lack the needed number of auxiliaries. And because we have so few naval bases, we need auxiliaries of a certain kind with a large steaming radius. One of the serious mistakes which President Coolidge has made, we believe, was to oppose in the past the building of the needed auxiliaries year by year. No naval conference could have made the building of such auxiliaries unnecessary. So we have been piling up a deficit.

In addition, we need a certain number of cruisers to act independently of any battle fleet as guardians of lanes of navigation and focal points.

Now the Administration favors, not only building fleet auxiliaries and other needed vessels this year, but planning construction for years to come. Consequently, the country has been confronted with what seems like a huge program of naval armament.

At the same time the country is puzzled by the proposal of the Administration that the President be empowered, in the event of an international conference on the limitation of armaments, to suspend any part or all of the authorized construction. And yet no naval conference can change the fact that a battle fleet needs auxiliaries. And the Secretary of the Navy has said that the authorized tonnage of auxiliary ships would not bring us up to the 5–5–3 ratio with Great Britain and Japan in the tonnage of those types of vessels.

Is it surprising that the people of this country have been puzzled?

There has been a marked change in the Administration's naval program. But a naval program is supposed to be for the purpose of carrying out an international policy. A navy is but the arm of the civil power.

Has there been, therefore, a change in the international policy of the Administration? On the contrary, it appears that the Administration has simply discovered that an ineffective navy is a wasteful luxury, and that we need these auxiliaries to make the Navy that we have effective.

Efficiency

THERE is a story going around attributed to Admiral Sims which saves us the trouble of writing an editorial.

It is said that one day the Admiral was seated at his desk in the Naval War College at Newport when a young officer entered the room. The Admiral called out, sharply:

"Lieutenant Blank."

"Yes, sir," said the Lieutenant.

"Give me a definition of efficiency," said the Admiral.

"Why, sir, efficiency is—efficiency is—eh— Do you want, sir, the dictionary definition or my own?"

"Since you don't know," said the Admiral, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'll tell you. Efficiency is the power to draw correct conclusions from incorrect and inadequate data."

Not even the late Fred Taylor, of efficiency fame, could have bettered that!

The Hoover Landslide

LET all favorite sons return to their kennels; Al Smith prepare to take out another four-year lease on his Albany home; the platform committees of both National parties hand in their resignations. The Nation's Presidential election is already in the bag. The Hoover Campaign Committee has dug up and spread broadcast a statement made by the Secretary before the Convention of the Izaak Walton League, which is good for at least ten million votes—a due proportion of which will be drawn inevitably from the strength of the Democratic Party. Here is what the Secretary said:

> Man and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which obviously includes the pursuit of fish.
>
> The country has made stupendous progress in physical equipment to overcome the mysteries of fish. We have moved upward from the rude but social conditions of the willow pole with a butcher-string line, fixed with hooks ten for a dime, whose compelling lure is one segment of an angleworm and whose incantation is spitting on the bait. We have arrived at the high state of a tackle assembled from the steel of Damascus, the bamboo of Siam, the silk of Japan, the lacquer of China, the tin of Bangkok, the nickel of Canada, the feathers of Brazil, and the silver of Colorado—all compounded by mass production at Chicago and Akron.

Notice, if you please, the subtle manner in which he pays tribute to the man who fishes with a steel rod and the man who fishes with a bamboo, and how carefully he avoids bringing up the moot questions of wet or dry fly fishing, of angling with barbed or barbless hooks, and how he avoids any reference to the relative gaminess of salmon, bass, and trout. But that is not all. He goes on to show that the average fisherman catches but four and five-tenths fish per annum, and then puts forward as a plank in his program the following epoch-making proposal:

> I submit that each fisherman ought to catch at least fifty fish during the season. I would like more than that myself, but that ought to be demanded as a minimum under the "rights" as implied in the Declaration of Independence, provided it included one big one for purposes of indelible memory, conversation, and historic record.
>
> This leads to a powerful statistic—that is, 50 fish times ten million men and boys. This minimum ideal of a National catch of 500,000,000 fish is of the most fundamental importance if we as a Nation are to approach a beatific state for even two weeks in the year.

Exit the full dinner-pail as a campaign argument. Enter the overflowing creel. We move that the Secretary of the Electoral College be instructed to cast one vote for Herbert Hoover as President of the United States. No objections are heard or will be entertained.

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The Catholic Here and Now

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

GOETHE thought it very remarkable that ninety-odd religious denominations could exist side by side in the New York of his time without coming to blows. There are now considerably more than ninety, and the likelihood of mutual massacre has grown even more remote. Indeed, only one among them all is viewed with suspicion or regarded with any ire. This solitary exception is the Catholic Church. The uneasiness it causes is not the result of numerical strength or solidarity alone. When it was weak and quite insignificant, it was the source of still more annoyance to its neighbors. Besides, whatever power it possesses in our time can be, and is, triumphantly ignored. It constitutes a static fifth of the population, and a constantly beleaguered fifth at that.

The explanation for the anti-Catholic state of mind must, I think, be sought in a state of mind. It is something that has been acquired, like the New England accent. It is also something that cannot be shaken off, even as the shadow of Nordic ancestry cannot be shaken off. One can analyze it best, possibly, by way of an analogy. Suppose a young man, having made the acquaintance of a neighbor girl, were to judge her by her more or less antiquated grandmother. Assume that he was so amazed by grandmother's unfamiliar diction, manners, and bent of character as to be unable to dissociate her from her—shall we say?—charming descendant. The outcome might be any number of interesting things, but it would probably not be love or marriage. Even so the culture of the United States, quite definitely Anglo-Saxon and Protestant, seems to have pursued a policy of mistaken identity in so far as the Catholic Church is concerned. It has been so obsessed by a historical impression of what Catholicism is supposed to have been in Europe that it is unable to get a clear view of what Catholicism is now in America.

Naturally, I believe that the prevailing, more or less unconscious bias towards the historic Church is to a great extent wrong. I am not going to discuss the point, however, for the reason that the time is not yet ripe. Some day all thinking Americans will realize that the era of colonization was also a period in which England and Spain were engaged in a vast and bitter struggle; that as a consequence religious differences, created for the most part by nationalistic feeling, were fanned into a furious flame; and that the whole mentality of such an era belongs to an outgrown past—to the story of that "modern" feud between rival national ambitions which caused an almost infinite amount of human harm. Meanwhile I merely suggest that the hour has come to correct the astigmatism which, to return to our analogy, has confused grandmother and granddaughter. Is it impossible to accept the Catholic Church in the United States as a given fact and to judge it on its own merits? Several hundred years of institutional living must have produced something, either vicious or virtuous, worth looking at. I have a feeling that a glance will harm nobody. Indeed, it may even enable some people (the indefatigable John Jay Chapman, for instance) to spend a more comfortable night.

One may admit that the Church of 1928 is, at first sight, a comparatively unprepossessing spectacle. Charm is not its most conspicuous virtue, despite the colorfulness of New Orleans and Santa Fé. In numerous respects it seems to be, and is, an organization of foreigners. Often as not the Catholic steeple is a trustworthy guide to the lowliest part of town. The run of the faithful are not tempted to spend $250 on a family tree; as a matter of fact, the majority of them consider $250 a good deal of money. But, though all this may rouse one's innate sense of social superiority, it ought also to stir one's admiration for a great American achievement. The Catholic Church is, more dynamically than any other institution, the spiritual nerve, not of the America that has been, but of the America that is. The great immigration epoch now ended brought to this country the man-power which since 1800 populated and developed the vast regions acquired from Napoleon and Mexico; which built up the industrial vigor of the Nation from timid beginnings to a position of unparalleled influence; and which laid the foundation for a new expression of the American essence, a new art, literature, culture.

We may not like immigration, but we should be vastly more disturbed by the absence of immigration. It is already as plain as day that the two great saving instruments of American civilization in its early stages were slaves in the South and Irish laborers in New England. Had these not been forthcoming, the Indian would have taken his children to stare at the curious ruins of Boston and Richmond. The real social meaning of immigration lies, however, in the fact that the servants and workers in New England were not savages, but Irishmen—that is, Europeans, inheritors of a civilization which, regardless of the damage done by centuries of malnutrition, had once profoundly modified and enriched the world of England. This essential, basic meaning the later immigration years merely diversified. The Germans came (though, of course, at a much higher level of culture) in quite the same way as the Saxons had gone to Britain. The French were absorbed in a manner similar to the assimilation of William the Conqueror and his Normans after 1066. Obviously, no modern Englishman goes about deploring the fact that his country was the confluence of so many racial streams. On the contrary, once the fusion was accomplished (say by the time of Chaucer), people became almost inordinately proud of it. Some day Americans will adopt a similar point of view. We are a commingling of racial and social rivers. If we were not that, we should be nothing more than a tepid little creek.

WHAT is the relation between all this and the Catholic Church? The reply is to be sought in something less obvious but more vital than statistics. On the one hand, the trend of the American stream—however swollen by immigration tributaries—was fixed by the English colonist. He determined the character of almost everything that has survived into the present as truly National: language, methods of thought, business habits, political and educational

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institutions. Most of us believe that his achievement was fundamentally very fine, and that it possessed sufficient vitality to permit of modifications. The immigrant added to but did not supplant the existing organism. On the other hand, this dominant English trend resented and resisted the encroachments of the immigrant mind. A hard and fast line was drawn, across which the newcomer was, indeed, theoretically invited to come, but at which he was confidently expected to halt. When he had jumped over almost every other barrier, his critics hastened to call attention to the insurmountable obstacle of race. Even now a man is "Americanized" in the eyes of some people only after he has surrendered all individuality and tattooed himself with a rubber stamp.

Right at this point we encounter the great civic accomplishment of the Catholic Church in the United States. With this Church the life of multitudes of immigrants was in some manner identified. They respected its authority as they respected nothing else excepting the rule of the Government. And so it came to pass that this Church, popularly regarded as a European institution presided over by a foreign potentate, impressed upon the immigrant the preciousness of his American citizenship and the inviolability of his duty here. Decade after decade, as the American bishops assembled, their words on this subject were eloquent and uncompromising. They demanded no less than a pledge to the Nation of life, fortune, and sacred honor; they reaffirmed gratitude for a constitutional system which permitted the development of religious life under the aura of freedom of conscience; and they often focused attention upon ways in which their followers could endeavor concretely to aid in the solution of the country's problems. Never once, however, did they attempt to use Catholic strength as a political wedge to put into law their own especial convictions or to impose a burden upon others. What they said was repeated constantly in numberless places—in printed literature, in the homilies to which thousands of congregations listened, and, finally, in the daily instruction given through an extensive school system maintained without deflecting a single cent from the public treasury. The result is obvious in the average contemporary Catholic's conception of citizenship. He restates, even more firmly than did his predecessors of the Revolutionary period who addressed a letter on the subject to George Washington, the principle of religious freedom for all. Indeed, if he is open to any criticism on this score, it is because of a probable excess of Nationalistic feeling. I know few American Catholics, for instance, who agree with St. Thomas on the subject of the legitimacy of service in time of war.

It is, one may say quite frankly, difficult to guess what force would have incorporated millions of immigrants solidly into the American polity if the Catholic Church had not been engaged in doing so. And with loyal citizenship there went hand in hand training in what can only be termed right living. Strictly speaking, the Church does not, of course, exist to teach morality; it thinks of morals as a means to an end—the life of religious union with God. It does not, however, like a number of other cults, place only a passing emphasis on this means. The old theological phrase, "grace is added to nature," explains why the Church has been so excellent a custodian of private and public virtue, without being misled to extreme enthusiasm for ethical maxims of secondary importance. It absorbed the moral teaching of the Scriptures, the doctrine of self-surrender so dear to the mystics of all times, and the philosophically established ethics of the best Greek thinkers. The system is essentially a golden mean between rules that tend to push human nature too far either in one direction or the other. Of course, it may be, and probably is, sometimes taught improperly, but intrinsically it is the very moralistic essence of Western civilization.

In the United States this moral code did not remain altogether uninfluenced by puritanical standards, on the one hand, and fashionable laxities, on the other; but normally it did restrain a vast new population from being victimized by either positive or negative crusading rampages. On important matters, such as the integrity of the family or the probable rightness of private property, it did not give way; but it remained aloof from such miasmas as prohibition, which one after another run their course. Meanwhile it was no easy task to induce the newcomer to adjust his conduct to the American scheme. Nationalisms are just as explosive in this domain of human activity as in any other. A great many customs, imported from the Old World, had to be dropped, not because they were wrong in themselves, but simply because they happened to be—in the literal sense of the term—outlandish. To date it has been impossible to develop new customs in their stead. The tendency of Americanization has been to strip the individual and the group to which he adhered, rather than to bedeck him further. The result is a definite, omnipresent bleakness and baldness, often commented upon but difficult to remedy.

To the extent that improvement could be hoped for through cultural or artistic effort some eager attempts were made almost immediately in behalf of the Catholic immigrant. The separate groups of Catholics each expressed something of their own individuality and experience. Round about such centers as Boston and New York the Irish began very soon to develop an interest in "things of the mind." A series of weekly journals dealt with doctrinal and apologetic aspects of the faith, encouraged ventures in historical and poetic writing, and, above all, kept the ideal of Erin vigorously aglow. This journalism was virile enough to overflow into really notable books and to foster the development of several significant literary personalities. Thomas D'Arcy Magee and John Gilmary Shea made valuable contributions to the chronicle of their adopted country; and later on the children of the Irish evinced creative power of a very rare and precious kind in Louise Imogen Guiney, of a more commonplace but nevertheless urbane variety in Maurice Francis Egan. Similarly the Germans maintained a deep, though for the most part scholarly and quite self-sufficient, interest in their own ancestral cultural tradition. I think the history of the German Catholic press in the United States would reveal the best intellectual effort of immigration groups identified with the Church. Unfortunately, it was, of necessity, a transitory and somewhat esoteric effort, which lingers on in St. Louis, Milwaukee, and even New York, but is anxiously casting an eye about for something in the way of descendants.

THE Church in America has been, however, a good deal more than an immigrant phenomenon. Being a historic institution identified with rich harvests in art, scholarship, philosophy, and saintliness, the Church exercised an influence upon that central movement in American civilization which, beginning, roughly speaking, with the opening of the nineteenth century and lasting until some years after the close of the Civil War, has been termed "romantic." This

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movement involved, on the one hand, the same kind of contact with Catholicism as European romanticism, in the work of Scott, Chateaubriand, Fichte, and others, had experienced. At this point the thought-worlds of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Norton, Parkman, and many more came directly in touch with Catholic Christendom. The effect here was, as might obviously have been expected, humanistic rather than religious, but it was great and goodly. In another way the Church was destined to influence consciences and souls more spiritually during the afterglow of the English Oxford Movement, in which Cardinal Newman had taken so prominent a part. From one end of the United States to the other, gifted representatives of the prevailing Anglo-Saxon concept of American life were impelled to combine it with the noble view of human destiny proposed by the Church. In New England there were Orestes Brownson and Father Isaac Hecker, the first an omnivorous philosopher and dogged pamphleteer, the second one of those singular men whose entire lives merge in a poetic vision of good to all mankind. In the South there were such men as Father John Banister Tabb, a poet strangely concrete and luminous alike, and Joel Chandler Harris, creator of Uncle Remus. Among those whom California brought to the gateway of Catholicism, Charles Warren Stoddard, restless traveler and fastidious prose-poet, was perhaps the most significant and consistent. These names are mentioned not because I wish to draw up a list—that would be frighteningly long—but because they will give a fairly effective idea of the magnitude and diversity of the trend.

Unfortunately, once this "Oxford" current as well as the inherited nationalistic enthusiasms had subsided, definitely Catholic effort to influence or foster cultural life in this country came to a halt. It is curious to note how clearly one can discern the ebb. The "Ave Maria," published at Notre Dame, Indiana, during more than half a century and edited all that while by a convert priest of Boston Brahmin ancestry, shows a curve of excellence that rises steadily from the wake of the Civil War to the opening of the new century. After that the descent is almost catastrophically rapid. It is not merely the removal of names through death and other contingencies. It is rather the failure of new names to appear. A similar process of deterioration can, I think, be followed through almost the whole of American Catholic literary and artistic production. Today there is a genuine improvement in ecclesiastical architecture; but every other art is simply simmering. The same conclusion must be reached concerning philosophy and scholarship. A Catholic who reflects at all on these things cannot but be struck with grave misgivings when he compares contemporary historical writing with the work of Shea, or contrasts the urbane wisdom of Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding with what has taken its place. There are signs, as yet not fully revealed, of an awakening. Meanwhile it is only too natural that some groups of Catholics, grown negative through the mere absence of positive force, should try to slam the door in the face of current paganism. The censorship which prevails in Boston is not an ideal attitude toward the world that is. It is probably not even a properly Catholic attitude. But it is as natural as any other effort to establish a quarantine.

The explanation for this state of affairs must be sought, it seems to me, in the passing from power of social forces with which Catholicism could be effectively combined. From romantic America to the Catholic Church was only a step, though it may well have been a very grave step. From contemporary Rotarianism or its opposite, sardonic naturalism in literary or artistic guise, there is no pathway to the City of God, no matter how much smiling may be done on both sides. Moreover, the America of today is given over body and soul to the business of mass education—an investment in energy which necessarily imposed a tremendous burden upon Catholics. Schools and colleges now constitute so serious a drain upon the Nation that they may be considered its most expensive luxuries, costing more, as they do, than automobiles and radios combined, with the movies thrown into the bargain. Meanwhile the Church has necessarily been obliged to foster religious education through a system of privately maintained elementary and higher schools. The result of secular training may be anything you like, but it is not religious habits. In 1800 one might have defended this statement with fairly cogent theoretical arguments. Today its correctness has been proved to the hilt by experience. But the work of teaching has absorbed the class of Catholics who under other circumstances might grow into cultural or creative activity. It has likewise deprived the Catholic body of cultural leadership. These things could, however, have been avoided, so far as I can see, only through some careful plan for the conservation of energy—a plan exceedingly difficult to draw up, and probably not workable after completion. One does merely feel that Catholics are entitled to a modicum of thanks for having borne, at great cost, their share of the country's educational burden. Manifestly, they ought not to be criticised venomously and ignorantly for their pains.

After all, the ideal which contemporary education proposes as the humanistic standard to be accepted in the future is likely to prove more important than immediate practical achievement. It may be said that the American Catholic is only now becoming fully aware of how much of the traditional past, and therefore also of the visioned future, is peculiarly his own. We shall always be guided, in our better moments, by the memory of good things done by those who have preceded us on this soil. We may sometimes try dragging George Washington a little nearer to our own level, but it will always be more important, and more popular, to push ourselves up to his level. That being true, the Catholic's realization of the story of his Church in the New World is an abiding source of pride and illumination. It is never a story of wealth, numbers, dominion. It begins with the dream of Christian service which led the missionaries of Spain and France to identify themselves with the Indian. The life-work of Junipero Serra, friend of the poor in the valley of San Diego, blends with the effort of Père Allouez, Jesuit apostle whose bones were lowered into our earth by redskin hands. Today, looking back over the whole of their adventure in charity, it may be impossible to discern anything more solid than ruins. But when the American Catholic has incorporated them as firmly in his conception of the National ideal as he now incorporates Lincoln and Robert Lee, it will become impossible for him to continue for very long on any dark road. The shades of these immortals will hover about and over him; and in his eyes dust from the sod upon which their shields have lain will drive him toward the day.

From the missionary vision to the dream of American government is not very far. Here, too, there was question of a desire to bend civilization to the well-being of all, to create a world new,

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Opulent Country Newspapers

By CHARLES M. HARGER

AROUND the two-story brick building of a country newspaper in a town of perhaps five thousand population were parked the other morning seven motor cars. "All of them," the editor explained, "belong to the 'force.' One is mine, the next belongs to the business manager, one to the city editor, two to the linotype operators, one to the foreman, and one to his assistant."

"Why not one for the 'devil'?"

"He had a little bad luck last night going to a dance, and his car is in the garage."

"So every employee has a motor car?"

"No; one printer is an itinerant and came only last week, and the society editor drives her mother's car."

Looking over the plant, I found that it uses two linotypes. These machines cost around $4,500 each. The paper is printed on a $10,000 press that prints, cuts, and folds 6,000 papers hourly as completely as does a city journal's equipment. Every machine that enters into the multifarious duties of printing and newspaper-making receives its power from a motor, the current coming from a power station twenty-eight miles away. Pushing buttons, pressing keys, and throwing switches set in motion a dozen modern fixtures that carry on a bewildering array of operations—all with automatic precision and with a minimum of manual labor.

BACK in the gay 'nineties every machine in a country printing-office was set in motion by the foot power of the printer—except the press on which the paper itself was "run off." At four o'clock in the afternoon a husky toiler appeared, and by main strength turned a wheel whose connections produced at the marvelous rate of four hundred copies an hour the town's palladium of liberty.

At five o'clock in this modern office an electric bell sounded and the employees leisurely washed, changed to street clothes, climbed into seven motor cars, and drove away for the day. Two hours of daylight remained for work in the garden or for a ride with the family over country highways. The city editor and business manager, however, were deep in a golf tournament at the country club and headed for the fairways.

The lowest-paid worker on the paper whose plant I was visiting is the office boy—formerly known as the "devil," a term that has vanished with the rising importance of the craft. He, so the editor informed me, receives eighteen dollars a week—and up. All employees are type operators receive thirty and forty dollars weekly; all the others, thirty dollars a week—and up. All employees are paid time and a half after five o'clock, and seldom a week ends without some substantial addition to their checks on that account. Maybe they can afford motor cars.

WHAT has happened since the days when "editor" was a synonym for shiny trousers, overdue notes at the bank, and skirmishing among advertisers to raise funds to pay off the help Saturday night? Why is it that when you seek to purchase a well-managed county seat newspaper the price, if purchase be possible at all, is set at $40,000 to $80,000? If the location be exceptionally favorable—such as the only paper in a city of ten to twenty thousand population—the figures go well higher. The owner of the only paper in a town of 15,000 refused recently an offer of $250,000 for his property; the sale of the paper in a city of 18,000 was for $190,000. The former plant was bought with $3,000, mostly borrowed, thirty years ago; the latter in those times would have been considered dear at $6,000.

For one thing, there are fewer papers. When I was learning newspapering—journalism seems a little too ornate a term for the country paper—the town in which I sought to mold public opinion had 4,000 population and four newspaper plants. Two published both a daily and weekly and two a weekly only—six papers striving for existence. Each represented a political party or faction—Republican, Democratic, Populist, Prohibition.

IT was considered unethical to go to press with less than three columns of editorials giving vitriolic treatment to oponents and spreading salve on friends. The fact is that the political editorial column of early days was of interest to about twenty persons—office-holders, candidates planning for future elections, and political bosses. The remainder of the population was desperately wearied by the constant din about local statesmen and their doings.

Gradually it dawned on the country editor that his function was to furnish the news, and that he would have more friends if he let the politicians fight their own battles—or use his columns at advertising rates. Recognition of that principle marked the passing of the political organ, and today the country newspaper dabbles little in politics. The State chairman of any party twenty years ago could list up every paper in his State as to its political support. He cannot do it now; he is doing well to set forth with any definiteness ten per cent of the papers and be sure that the alignment with a political party is assured.

Then there is a change in the content of the country paper. Take the local news, the doings of the city or county. Once it was intensely personal and often as prejudiced as the editorials. The professional formula that opinions should not be expressed in news items was violated as a matter of course. Often the families of political opponents felt the effect of this system, and the afternoon tea or the coming-out party of a political enemy's family was omitted from the society column for political reasons.

The town without a good healthy feud, whose papers did not indulge in frequent belittling of neighbor cities, was considered a weakling. Libel suits and frequent personal encounters made a continuous procession of local events that furnished thrilling news. But it did not produce business, and in the end the paper that failed to change its way faded from the picture. Either a receiver took over its affairs or a saner publication absorbed it.

THE news columns of the country paper today are as matter of fact as a report of the Budget Director at Washington. Events are related as they happen, so far as the reporter can obtain the facts, with no reflection and with no prejudice. The wife of the bitterest political rival can be sure of the nicest

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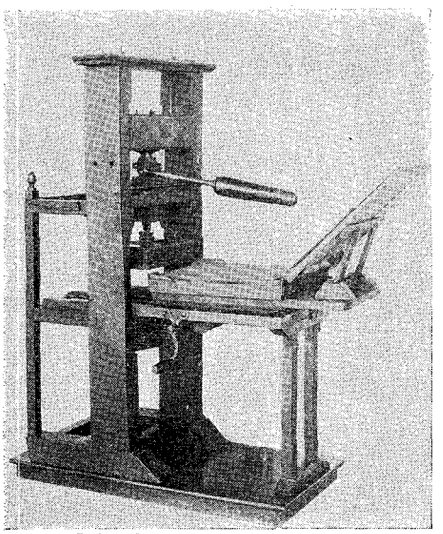
story the society reporter can write about her luncheon. The mayor, though of another party, gets credit when he repairs a pavement or sets up new signs for guidance of tourists. The non-advertiser is likely to have an interview when he returns from market, and the fire department and home talent entertainments are held up as perfection. So the paper makes friends instead of enemies, resulting in increased circulation and added advertising revenue.

The country paper has become a business enterprise, as much as is the dry-goods store or the garage. The editor has learned that he has more respect from his constituents when he pays his bills in cash than when he renews his note at the bank. To do this he demands cash for his work—no more the old-time trading out of accounts. Probably one reason for the legend about the poorly dressed editor had its origin in his habit of taking clothing, as well as dry-goods and groceries, for advertising. Likewise the old subscriber who took the paper year after year and never paid his subscription has lost one of his most precious privileges. He either pays up or the paper is stopped.

STARTING a newspaper these days is expensive. The war nearly doubled the cost of machinery and more than doubled the cost of labor. The death rate of the country newspaper world has risen year after year. The town that formerly had six papers has two; scores of cities of 15,000 and more population are in the one-paper class.

My State formerly had two dozen cities with from two to four dailies each; now only five cities have two each and none has three. The remainder have only one daily, and in most of them it is the only paper printed in town. Consolidation of newspapers in the country towns as well as in the larger cities has followed the demand of the merchant for lessened expense in advertising and the insistence of the subscriber on fuller news service. The poorly printed, starving newspaper tells its own story of its needless existence. In the place of such struggling sheets have come papers that cover their field faithfully, report world doings with abundant detail, and are a part of the life of the community.

Along with this movement has come the newspaper chain, affecting the rural press as well as city journals. Over four hundred groups of two or more country papers are in existence, and the number is growing. Economy of operation, cheaper supplies, and utilization of "features" at no added cost induce investment in a series of well-located papers. The argument that the chain paper, like the chain store, lacks the personal appeal of private ownership held good in the days when the country editor was the paper, when his views and opinions held the attention of subscribers and the patronage of the county commissioners or of the city fathers. But with the paper become an impersonal gatherer of news, selling on its merits as a purveyor of information and entertainment, this factor lessens. A chain of country papers would have been impossible twenty years ago; today the chains become longer and more numerous.



Courtesy R. Hoe & Co.

An eighteenth-century hand press

THE fact that there is less insistence on editorial comment does not mean that the country press is devoid of opinion or that it is subservient to the business office. Where two decades ago the country weekly was half "boiler plate" and presented a ragged and careless aggregation of local items, now the standard is vastly higher. Better printing, better writing, and more workmanlike mechanical skill give tone to the pages. When editorials appear, they are timely, sane, and positive; but the editor does not go around with a chip on his shoulder seeking quarrels.

Into the offices of the country papers have gone thousands of graduates of departments of journalism, now so common a part of our colleges and universities. The old-time editor smiles at the journalism graduate, but the fact is that the young man who has spent two or four years in connection with the college paper, studying the principles of newspaper-making, has an equipment that required a decade of training in the country print shop. Ability to write clear English, to know news when he sees it, to touch the human-interest events of the community and transfer them pleasingly to the printed page is no mean art.

ENORMOUS growth of advertising has come in the past half-decade, and has added materially to the prosperity of the country paper. National advertisers have reached out into the rural field. The merchants of the towns and cities have been inspired by the competition to increase their own budget for that purpose. Having fewer papers to patronize, they are willing to pay a higher rate for their announcements. In no department of the country paper has there been greater improvement in artistic appearance than in the advertising. The paper of two decades ago had no illustrations in its advertising except the portraits of sundry wan individuals who, according to their testimonials, had been physically invigorated by somebody's pills or had grown new hair by a thorough application of a much-exploited restorer. The modern paper fairly shines with views of gowns, millinery, house furnishings, jewelry, motor cars, haberdashery, not to mention pictorial adornment of such staid pursuits as insurance, banking, and real estate reading.

Along with his new prosperity—and, in hundreds of communities, monopoly of the news service—the modern editor has taken on added obligations and his plant become in a sense a public utility. The paper is expected to return full value for its income and to share in supporting local undertakings. The editor as well as the banker must put his name on subscription papers for the county fair, the Independence Day celebration, and the annual Boys' Day at the city park. Why not? He is a business man like the others, and his business is inextricably associated with that of every concern of the town.

TODAY the smallest dailies have a wire news service. The papers delivered before dinner in Abilene, Kansas, contain the same information as those distributed in Haverford, Pennsylvania. The accomplishment of a Lindbergh or the volcano outbreak in Hawaii is discussed around dinner tables in central Nebraska, along the Maine beaches, and in interior Oregon at the same hour.

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With the newest invention, the automatic transference of news by wire and typewriter, a perfectly typed story of the day's doings steadily flows from fifty machines into as many newspaper offices simultaneously. Eight hours a day, 18,000 words or more, the news pours out for the country dailies and gives to their readers every fact that is available in the metropolis. For this the public is willing to pay.

The country weekly has made similar progress. These papers, having ceased being mediums of propaganda, either political, economic, or social, are devoting their pages to comprehensive, well-written news of their communities. They give much attention to the farm sections. Their "country correspondence" is the crowning interest of the publication. Of all features of the country paper, rural correspondence has changed least. It is something that cannot be edited, that is not amenable to supervision. It must be printed as it is written, and it is written as it was forty years ago, and will be written forty years hence:

Mrs. C. Gray helped Mrs. Fulton can peaches Saturday.

Jacob Gibbs lost a cow this week.

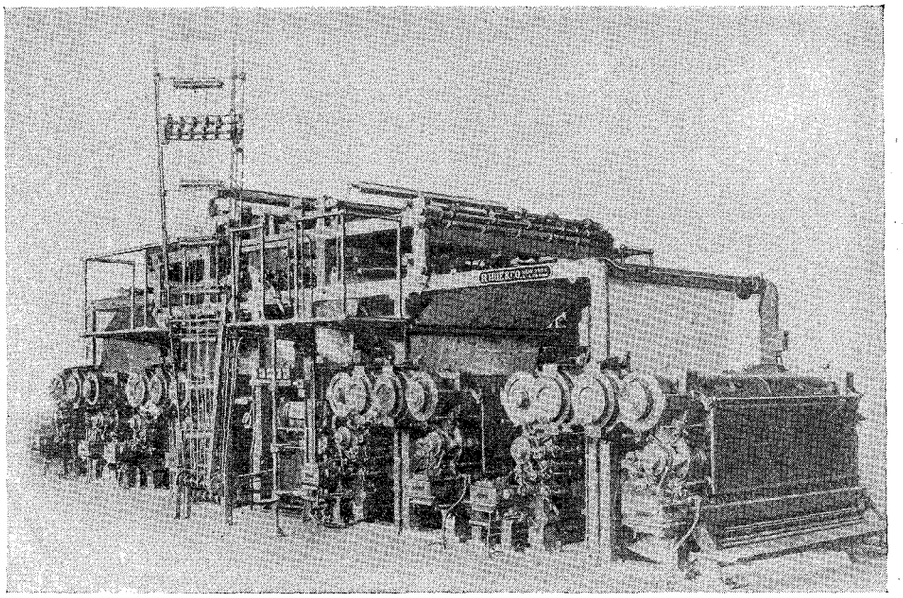
Mrs. Johns visited Mrs. Garten Sunday.

Plowing for wheat is the order of the day.

These and similar items are elemental. They represent the homely interests of the farm and tell of events foremost in the minds of the farm families. Faithfully, week after week, the correspondents fill columns with the simple annals of their neighborhoods—and no page in any paper is so closely read or so greatly appreciated. It is the one avenue into the glare of publicity possessed by dwellers far from the social activities of the busy town.

Two views exist regarding the future of the country paper, whether it be a daily in a busy little city or a weekly that voices the activities of an agricultural area.

One is that the lessening number of country papers will give a yet larger field for those that remain, and that with such field greater service will be possible. The country papers, continuing to prosper and through reduced cost of operation printing larger and better journals, can so fill their constituencies' demand for news that outside publications cannot enter successfully. Already city papers have found it necessary to raise subscription rates because of increased postage, and their local advertisers are asking if the circulation beyond the trade territory is of value to the town's establishments.



Courtesy R. Hoe & Co.

A modern rotary press capable of producing 80,000 16-page newspapers an hour

The country editor has a vision of a time when all the world news will be sent to him by mechanism, utilizing telegraph wires and machines at both ends of the line, with such efficiency that the linotype will be automatically operated and the wages of many present employees eliminated. National advertising, already at a high tide exceeding the records of newspaper-making, promises to become greater. Chain organization of papers within a territory covering part of a State seems feasible, while increasing mileage of hard-surfaced roads expedites the delivery of papers far beyond the local territory and makes possible close co-operation between widely separated plants. Airplane delivery at a cost within its means may bring the rural daily paper to every farmstead, and so completely and quickly cover the circulation territory as to make the country paper supreme in its field. Such an outcome would insure yet more substantial financial returns and bring to those with sufficient capital and journalistic ability a firm basis for liberal profits.

The other theory is that the day of the country paper is passing. So eager has the public become for complete information and expanded features in newspaper-making that it is not satisfied with the comparatively small local paper. It is not uncommon for a city journal published two hundred miles away to have more subscribers in a town than the local publication, be it daily or weekly. Fast train service places the early editions of city papers on the breakfast table as soon as the home journal can make delivery. Airplane rapidity will speed up even this service, and with the main events of the community included with the twenty to forty pages of world news, the local subscriber will need no other publication.

The farmer already gets his markets by radio; he hears much of the happenings of the day through his loudspeaker. The local paper can bring him little more than the trivial events of the town and county, and these are becoming less important as our interests reach out into a broader field. The chain paper is not to be confined to a group of local issues; it can become a part of the city journal's output, and with the greater facilities available, together with swift transportation, publication of sectional journals can be carried on from a central plant.

Then are to be considered the possibilities of the radio newspaper. It is not a far step from the steady flow of comment, advertising, and programs to which the farmer listens all day to a complete news report, and this might include local happenings as well as those of larger import.

This latter view is mostly a vision of possibilities. A vast change in an overweening interest in the small happenings of the locality will be necessary before the family will give up its local news, regardless of the number of pages or the attractiveness of the "features" in the city journal. The city paper may and does supplement the accustomed local daily or weekly visitor, but it cannot

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George Gershwin and Jazz

By GEORGE NEWELL

The relation of George Gershwin to jazz is best expressed in the words of Walter Damrosch: "Various composers have been walking around jazz like a cat around a plate of hot soup, waiting for it to cool off . . . so they might lift it to the level of musical respectability. . . . George Gershwin seems to have accomplished that miracle." Mr. Gershwin is now at work on a brief ballet, "An American in Paris."

FOR many empty years serious creative music in America was a sort of catch-as-catch-can affair. The muse of the lyre was looked upon as the anæmic sister of the American arts, that robust art which had produced Walt Whitman and Sargent. Somehow Europe had us musically buffaloed. There was talent, to be sure, but they could not get their composing machinery to function originally.

They would pilgrimage to Paris or Berlin. There they would study, drink beer, and affect "Flying Dutchman" hats; soon to return to their native land neatly done up in a French or German bandbox. They would write just that sort of music too, the only difference being that it was then called "American."

But was it? Listen to the ten bars of the "Rhapsody in Blue" before you answer. George Gershwin seems to be at last the American who can express his native land and its life in terms of notes, trombones, or what have you?

But you will say, "Is this African stuff any more American than the imitation European music?"

The way it is done by Mr. Gershwin, I believe it is.

For that matter, what European school is free from foreign influence? The music of Spain is a volatile blend of Moorish, Basque, and gypsy. The profound influence of Hungarian-gypsy music on the work of the German composer Brahms is well known. The similarity of the wild glamour so redheadedly existent in Celtic folk-songs is startling in its Slavic resemblance.

"Very well, then; but tell me, what is this jazz, anyway?"

Some say jazz is this, some say jazz is that. The name itself was found by Lafcadio Hearn in the creole *patois* of New Orleans. It meant "to speed up," particularly in reference to syncopated music. In Africa the word "jas," or "jazz," has a corresponding meaning among the natives. But I say fiddle-de-dee for all these learned definitions. Jazz is American, and that's that. Now let's hear you define America.

Difficult, isn't it?

Some of the components of America may be more or less defined though: nervous energy, joy, humor, youth, lack of repression, freedom of expression. It is because the spirit of jazz so admirably paints this musical picture of America that the coming of George Gershwin at this time is so propitious.

A BUMPTIOUS English wit of the nineteenth century said: "American musicians are at present too gentlemanly to faithfully portray their motherland. When a good husky rail-splitter comes along and turns to music, you will then have a man sufficiently equipped by experience and character to write American music."

One needs the copious probing of the figurative thumb nail to scratch through the veneer of this false statement. For in recalling the personalities of Lincoln, Bret Harte, and Blakelock we are tempted to ratify the Englishman's definition. That is, we would be so tempted if we hadn't met George Gershwin.

Every inch of this tall young man is that of a gentleman. He is poised, quiet, and well-mannered. He is genuinely polite, kind, and considerate. He is always willing to listen to the work of any other composer and advise him. The names of the men and women whom he has helped along the barbed road to success would give our typesetter a dizzy morning. Yet he is not a rail-splitter, nor has he the arrogant, temperamental qualities of a Wagner or a Debussy.

As a man, I should say he is more like that kindly, naïve composer Mozart. Mozart, you will recall, was that fastidious gentleman so patently at home in either the glittering Court of Vienna or the smoky cottage of a roadside peasant.

If any harassed process-server ever has occasion to search out the presence of Mr. Gershwin, I advise him to look either at Mrs. Astor's or "Pop" Connolly's lunch-wagon. If he is at the wagon, Mr. Gershwin will be the only diner who's elbows do not garnish the counter!

George Gershwin was born twenty-nine years ago in Brooklyn. He was no child musical prodigy. He assures us that he played nothing during his first thirteen years—nothing except hookey or precarious one-eyed-cat around the fire-plugs and the neighborhood push-carts.

That he might possess musical talent never occurred to his hard-working mother and father. There had never been any musician in the family. What would they do with a musician, anyhow?

AT the age of thirteen, however, the affairs of the father took a turn toward the near-prosperous. A piano was acquired—an upright of uncertain vintage. Still, the varnish was nice and shiny and the keys pushed up and down beautifully.

Ira, George's elder brother, was to take piano lessons—the same Ira who is now one of Broadway's cleverist lyric writers. He will enter our story farther on.

Ira was to take lessons at fifty cents an hour from a "lady teacher." The younger brother was never considered; but one day he climbed upon the stool and proceeded, in his usual experimental fashion, to see what made the thing go. He found out.

It was immediately apparent to his mother that the fifty-cent investment would not be wasted on George. Ira could become a doctor, maybe.

For four months the marvelous musical absorptive qualities of George's quick mind kept the "lady teacher" in a state of breathless pedagogy. And at the end of ten dollars' worth of lessons she was "all taught out."

But George was anything but "all taught in," so he went to study with "a funny old Dutchman who used to be a

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George Gershwin

bandmaster." He taught the young Gershwin such musical pastries as the "William Tell Overture" with wedding-cake variations and other brassy favorites of bandmasters reduced to teaching piano-forte.

Thanks to a few discerning friends and his own intuitive instincts to gravitate in the right direction, he soon left this harbinger of the brass band.

He then went to study with the late Charles Hambitzer. George was fifteen then. To this day he speaks of this teacher with genuine awe and affection. "He was a fine musician—and I really began to learn something."

These piano lessons of the first few years were about the only lessons (in the common meaning of the word) that George Gershwin ever had. For the most part his facility for brilliant piano playing has been self-taught.

Self-taught is surely the correct term for his technique as a composer. Like Wagner and Schubert, he seems to have studied with no one in particular, preferring to abide by the counsel of his own ear. He is decidedly an aural musician. He listens to everything, attending concerts religiously, that his ear may be a true teacher. No formulæ-bound academician ever superimposed his agglutinized conventions upon the soul of George Gershwin.

To be sure, he did treat himself to the luxury of a few harmony lessons (weekly inoculations from a text-book of correct church harmonies).

WHEN he was seventeen, he began to earn his living. He started in as a song-plugger for the popular music firm of Remick.

Do you know what a song-plugger is? He is the anvil-chorus, high-pressure, robot-like salesman of the ragtime music publisher. All day long, often for ten hours, he must sit and "swat out" syncopated ditties on a piano—a sort of musical demonstration to "the trade" of the latest "hits." Fine for the nerves and the piano tuners' union.

I forgot to mention that the song-plugger was paid $15 a week for his musico-gymnastic efforts.

In the evenings, if he had any energy left from his work in the music iron foundry, George composed—but nothing of much consequence. As a composer he was still going through the incubator stage; soaking it up—blues, spirituals, nigger ballads, and mixing them with the Chopin and Beethoven of his piano lessons.

Two years of this song-plugging, and then one day he quit.

"I just walked out," he said. "It wasn't what I wanted.

"No, I didn't have any other job in view. That $15 was all I was making."

The same intuitive instinct that sent him from the poor teaching of the bandmaster to the door of Hambitzer was again evident. This time it took him to "Will" Vodary, that dynamic Negro musician and orchestrator.

The kindly "Will" got him to try out for pianist at the rehearsals of "Miss 1917" —a Jerome Kern-Wodehouse show.

It was a fortunate try-out. (For George, that is; the other pianist was fired.) George could put lots more pep into *his* work. He could play the music up in the treble, down in the bass, and in countless original ways of his own invention, to the great delectation of the chorus and the dancing director.

"You can't make up new dance steps to a lot of melodious opium," was the dancing man's comment.

"That tip of Vodary's got me a $35-a-week job."

And now came another friend in need —Vivian Segal. At the Sunday night concerts of the Century Theatre she sang two of Gershwin's songs. The success of these two songs was the beginning of an easier trail for George. The firm of Harms & Company, who control ninety per cent of all the American show music, signed him on the dotted line—the first man to be so contracted since Jerome Kern. And soon, in 1919, came his first big success, "La La, Lucile."

Since then he has written all or some of the music for twenty-five shows. At present he has music in two shows on Broadway—"Funny Face" and "Rosalie;" one, "Oh, Kay," on the road; another company in London, and one in Australia.

IN almost all of these shows his lyrical collaborator has been his older brother, Ira, the one George side-tracked from the fifty-cent lessons.

The family really had tried to make a doctor out of Ira. He even got to the

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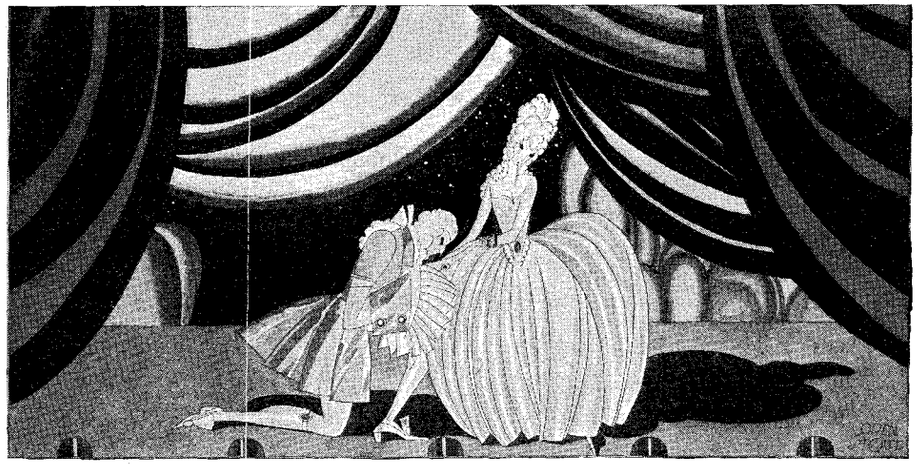
Lights Down: A Review of the Stage



IF you asked us, offhand, to name the three musical shows in New York which you would enjoy best, we would probably say: "Funny Face," "Show Boat," and "Good News." And yet—since last week—we might be overlooking the one show of all shows which you wouldn't care to miss.

"Rain or Shine," with Joe Cook and Tom Howard, is the new claimant for fame—and few people will fail to like it.

Why?

Well, probably because Joe Cook is in it. Many people who attend vaudeville are, of course, already well acquainted with the peculiar assortment of talents possessed by this comedian, juggler, dancer, and endless rapid-fire monologueist. In that world his "Imitation of Four Hawaiians Playing the Ukelele" has long been famous. So far as we know, however, this is the first time he has come forth with his own accessories—chorus, scenery, good music, and the touch of imagination which the producers of the Greenwich Village Follies are usually able to supply. The result is very happy.

It is a circus show, of course—and includes one scene under canvas wherein Joe essays to do almost everything any one can do in a circus; and really does it! There runs through the plot, too, the well-worn thread of the smooth confidence man with the gift of gab (Joe Cook) dealing endlessly with the skinflint country addlepate (Tom Howard), and these two idiots ring the changes on the theme with just enough freshness and variety and personality to make it as amusing as ever. Add the fact that they go out to a high society dinner together; and you have the general scheme of their antics.

Only one thing makes the show a trifle tiresome. The whole affair is speeded up to vaudeville *tempo*—and after an hour or so of high speed the beholder grows a little weary of the quick turns, and yearns for peace and quiet—and some one to sing a lullaby. Don't worry, however; nobody does. Despite the love songs and the usual reliefs, the whole thing rushes merrily on. But even humor cannot quite provide complete relaxation under such circumstances—which is why, for our part, we are unable to put the show at the top of the list.

One thing about it—while not the funniest thing in it—is as absurd a contraption as we have ever seen. This is the "Fuller Construction Company's Recording Orchestra." Goldberg at his best has never risen to greater heights. For the whole stage, a complete Ferris wheel, many musicians, a man with a siphon and a bottle, and behind him a full-sized circular saw operating under power, are utilized to produce finally one small musical note struck from a bar by a man at the other end of the stage—this man being finally galvanized into action by having smashed upon his head the instruments of the other players in the Ferris wheel as it slowly revolves. If you think this sounds absurd, you ought to see the thing in action.

TO see "Rain or Shine" one evening and "Rosalie" the next is to realize that Mr. Ziegfeld has infinitely the better eye for the artistic scene and feminine beauty. Here are pretty girls, uniforms, queens and courtiers, officers and West Pointers, Ziegfeld ballets and stage pictures. Compared with "Rain or Shine," it is infinitely more finished, done in better shades and tones; and without the rush and mechanical hurry of the circus show.

And yet once that is said, "Rosalie" in itself has very little to distinguish it from any other fairly so-so musical comedy. Some of the music is almost unsingable, very little of it is tuneful, and the mechanics of the play are always evident. In fact, without Jack Donahue and Marilyn Miller it would be pretty tasteless stuff.

With them in it, however, it is a different story. Both these people are first and foremost mimics as well as comedians, and their scenes and dances together are decidedly worth seeing. Of course, the story is about a West Point Cadet and a visiting princess—with slight helps from aviation and a king's leanings toward pretty girls. And terrific applause greets the drilling of the West Point Cadets (impersonated by the chorus). And the drumming of the drummer girls nearly takes the top of your head off, it is so deafening (we mean the drumming). And Mr. Urban decorates the ballroom of the Military Academy for you, with the moon shining across the Hudson. And we suppose it is all very romantic.

But the place we really sat up and laughed was when Jack Donahue, slightly seasick on the heaving deck, tried to hold a long, pleasant conversation with the dumb-bell King of Romanza—and failed. Also when he and Marilyn Miller did a burlesque dance we realized all over again that Miss Miller has a genuine talent.

To our mind, indeed, a great mimic was almost completely lost to the stage when Marilyn Miller found she had a voice and could be a comic-opera heroine. As it is, she just mimics being a heroine instead of being the real thing. And the result is pretty, but not convincing—until Jack Donahue joins her with just being foolish. Whenever this occurs, "Rosalie" is excellent. It would seem as if somebody ought to give Miss Miller a rest from doll stuff and write her a real Gertrude Lawrence show.

Page Mr. Ziegfeld again!

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

A Wedding

A LOVE story in France has reached the newspapers. Some twenty years ago a boy and girl fell in love and were married. Conventions are for the use and convenience of society, but the truth of these people's lives was that they loved each other. They had one son, and were happy. Their happiness was short. Sixteen years ago the young husband was sentenced to death. The newspapers are careless as to what his crime was; the fact of his guilt or innocence seems to make little difference. But the condemned man insisted that his wife must at once divorce him. Her good name was precious to him. She was willing to do anything he wished—nothing mattered except what he wished. For herself, she knew quite well that he would never die for that crime. The crime was not in his character, the punishment not in justice.

She was right. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment on Devil's Island. She was still tranquil. She could wait. Meanwhile, she could support this child of theirs.

For sixteen years she who was no longer a wife sold goods behind a counter and thought about the man she loved. The man who had been her husband was not so patient. In his desperation and need to get back to her he tried escape. But hope and liberty are the two forbidden sins on that desolate island. After that he was guarded more strictly. It may be that his desperate attempt reminded Justice of something she had forgotten, for it was only the other day that the condemned man was pardoned.

Upon his return to France, the pardoned convict was met at Marseilles by a woman. She was no longer his wife. She was sixteen years older than the girl he had left, not so pretty, doubtless, and worn with work. They left the station with their arms about each other.

A few days later they remembered something. These conventions have their uses. It is much better when two people love each other to be married. One of the jury that had condemned the man was groomsman at the wedding; and so the story reached the newspapers.

The Monster

THERE is a man in Iowa who does not believe in corporal punishment for animals. Never speak an unkind word to a dog, he says; and his dogs grow up to be anything but old maids' children. Two of these dogs, a white collie and a coach dog, went for a walk with their master the other day. Each dog had a different temperament, but they were agreed on one point. The world consisted of one man, and that man was their master. Perhaps they were not able to speak his language, but there was not a look in his eye, or a tone of his voice, or a degree of his smile, that was unknown to them.

But on this walk the collie and the coach dog were faced suddenly with the unknown and the incredible. Crossing some railroad tracks, their master staggered and fell. The dogs, beside him in a minute, waited for him to get up. This was strange; he didn't get up. He lay there on those uncomfortable tracks, as though he were on a couch at home, too tired to move. They looked anxiously at his face. This was a new expression.

Something was coming down the track. They tugged at him. Still he wouldn't budge. The collie pressed close to the body of his master. This Thing rushing down upon them from the distance should not touch that beloved body as long as his dog could shield it. The coach dog thought differently. He was not so big as the approaching monster, but he had a tremendous bark, and at least he might scare it away. Down the track he rushed, barking until his heart was like to burst. If he could stop it, or turn it aside even, it might never see the helpless victim in its path. He was right. The brain of that engine was disturbed. The speed slowed down. The monster came to a standstill and doubtfully looked at the dog. Now a man dismounted and walked those two or three yards that was all the distance between the monster and the white collie, still crouching on the track.

Their master was carried aboard the train. The dogs followed. Somebody paid a great deal of attention to him, and managed somehow to wake him up. Farther up the line, their master was lifted into an ambulance. Still the dogs followed. They knew nothing about heart trouble or steam-engines, but they kept their eyes steadily on their master's face, for there was a look there now that they understood perfectly.

News

THERE are many old stories of the Scotchman and his money, and his fondness for a drink. The joke is usually on the Scotchman, but the other day it was so decidedly on the couple of Irishmen that it became news, and burst into print throughout the country.

The Scotchman was having a drink. He was extremely cautious about it; in fact, he was imbibing in one of those places known only to patrons and the police. He was not very tall, for a Scotchman, and his head did not reach very high above the bar of the speak-easy, but he had money in his pocket, and could pay for his own drinks. Into the speak-easy came two Irish laborers, well over six feet; and to their wandering eyes the little Scotchman presented entertainment ready-made. This was almost too easy. Their first desire was to see the contents of the Scotchman's pockets. There were several bills in there, and the Scotchman was at once on guard. Putting his hands in his pockets, he held on tightly to what was inside—so tightly that the Irishmen must have had difficulty in removing his hands. Certainly they had difficulty in removing his money; for in the resulting conflict one of the bills was torn in half.

They had been too much for him, the Scotchman told the police. No, they had not been marked bills, and there was no way of fixing the guilt on the accused. But he was sure of one thing: if they could find half a dollar bill now, on either of the parties he could name—

The parties he could name had used the money royally, but, unfortunately for them, the two halves of a dollar bill had become separated, each one having found its way into the pocket of the other Irishman. One Irishman had fallen asleep from sheer exuberance of good spirits; the other was still celebrating in the park.

The diminutive Scotchman triumphantly joined the two halves of his dollar bill in the police court.

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Musical Impressions

A Novelty and a Revival at the Metropolitan

By EUGENE BONNER

"LA BELLE IMPERIA" of Balzac arrived last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, but so changed were many of the characters of the story as well as the manner of their presentation that had that historic, or rather legendary personification of female frailty been able to observe herself in this her latest incarnation, she would most probably have exclaimed along with the old dame out of "Mother Goose," "Lawk-a-mussy pon my soul, this is none of I!"

Franco Alfano, known chiefly to fame as the composer of the opera "Resurrection," and also as being the lyric tailor who was called in to add the finishing touches to "Turandot's" musical raiment, left incomplete by the late lamented Maestro Puccini at the time of his death, was responsible for the score of this one-act affair called "Madonna Imperia."

Great ecclesiastical personages were metamorphosed (doubtless in deference to present-day squeamishness, which finds it uncomfortable to observe too closely the Rabelaisian proclivities of those horrid, jolly mediæval clerics) into equally important secular individuals, while the character of the none too ascetic little priest was changed to a bishop's clerk, thereby robbing the brilliant and satirical little story from the "Contes Drolatiques" of most of its point as well as of all its piquancy.

As the story now stands, Filippo Mala, a young and impecunious bishop's clerk, manages to force his way into the house of the famous courtesan Imperia just as she is expecting three great noblemen to supper. Amused by the effrontery of the little fellow and genuinely touched by his daring admiration, she allows him to remain, explaining him to her three guests, on their arrival, as a relation. The most important of the three, the Chancellor of Ragusa, soon manages to get rid of the other two guests, one of whom had drunk himself unconscious and the other neatly disposed of by a stratagem, and, divining the situation in regard to the clerk, takes advantage of a momentary absence of Madonna Imperia to offer him the choice of remaining alone with the lady and hanging the next morning, or decamping *tout de suite* with the deed to an abbey in his pocket.

Needless to say, Filippo accepts the latter alternative and leaves the field clear for the Chancellor, who in his turn is promptly sent flying by Imperia when she learns the truth. After he has gone Filippo, who has only pretended to leave, reappears and, on being bitterly reproached by his adored one for being

Photograph by Mishkin, N. Y.

Frederick Jagel as Filippo Mala

so easily bought off, proceeds to tear up the deed to the abbey. This, as nothing else convinces the fair Imperia of his love and they disappear into the alcove, their arms about each other, the door closing behind them, for, in the quite too delectable words of the libretto, "love divine, operatically speaking, is about to justify all things."

The music of this trifle, while expertly written and brilliantly orchestrated, is, unfortunately, of little or no consequence. The aria of the clerk and the very short bit where Imperia thinks herself flouted by that individual and is left alone with her thoughts for a few moments are about the only passages of any dramatic or musical significance in the work, and they don't signify very much.

Maria Mueller, beautiful to look upon, did her best with the rôle of Madonna Imperia and sang the music allotted to that character very well indeed, but the honors of the occasion went unquestionably to Frederick Jagel (of Brooklyn) for his performance as the little clerk. Physically an ideal type for the part, he sang well and brought to his impersonation a rare sense of comedy with just a touch of pathos that made his work delightful. Ezio Pinza sang and acted with distinction the rôle of the Chancellor of Ragusa, while Mr. Serafin conducted this futile little work with an amount of care that would have been better lavished on a worthier object.

With such operas as the "Feuersnot," "Elektra," and "Ariadne auf Naxos" of Richard Strauss, the "Giulietta e Romeo" of Zandonai, the "Débora e Jaèle" and "Fedra" of Pizzetti, the "Quand la Cloche Sonnera" of Bachelet, and the lovely "Padmavati" of Albert Roussel still to be heard here, one wonders why we are expected to be content with such stuff as "Violanta" and "Madonna Imperia"!

THE revival of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d' Or," with its double cast of singers and pantomimists, which followed, came like a delightful breath of fresh air after the somewhat turgid atmosphere of the Alfano *opus*.

Marion Talley sang for the first time the part of the Princess, and not particularly well, in our opinion. Her high notes seemed forced and without brilliance and her singing throughout completely lacked distinction. Ezio Pinza sang the part of the King superbly, Merle Alcock ministered to the vocal needs of Amelfa, while Rafaelo Diaz warbled once more the music of the Astrologer. Among the pantomimists Rosina Galli was lovelier than ever as the mysterious Princess and Alexis Kosloff appeared to great advantage in Adolf Bohlm's old part of King Dodon.

Mr. Bamboshek's conducting of this exquisite score was distinguished by a complete absence of poetry or fire and a bland indifference to the rhythmic demands of the work, particularly in the first act.

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The Street of Finance

Wall Street's View of Republican Presidential Possibilities

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

WHEN Mr. Herbert Hoover announced that he was a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, there were no echoes in Wall Street. The stock market was unaffected and the event provoked little discussion either in the banks or the brokerage houses.

Since President Coolidge's withdrawal from the race most financial men have lost their interest in politics. His was the only candidacy which could have really enthused them. They feel confident that some sound Republican will be in the White House a year hence, and they do not care greatly who he is.

Of the three leading Republican possibilities, Mr. Hoover probably would be the most acceptable. He is thought to command the confidence of the President and he has never embraced publicly any economic heresies. He has, however, the reputation of occasionally trying to force his ideas down other people's throats—a reputation that is no asset for a politician wooing votes from the financial district. International bankers object to him perhaps a little more strongly than their neighbors because they feel that some of his activities, such as his baiting of Great Britain on the restriction of rubber production in her colonies, were hardly beneficial to international amity.

General Dawes's career as a banker helps him, but he would have a higher standing south of Fulton Street if he had done his banking in Philadelphia, say, or San Francisco. New York financiers do not feel that Chicago bankers are the soundest in the world. The Vice-President's most serious handicap, of course, is his espousal of the McNary-Haugen Bill for farm relief.

In the case of Mr. Lowden, his advocacy of this bill is an even greater handicap, principally because the majority of workers in the Manhattan financial markets know little about Mr. Lowden except that he favors methods of helping the farmer which they believe to be impolitic and dangerous.

EVENTS have indicated that Mr. Hoover's agitation against British limitation of rubber production was unjustified. In 1926 he told the House of Representatives Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce that such regulation of output, distribution, and price as the British control of rubber "threatens not only the sane progress of the world but contains in it great dangers to international good will."

When he made this statement, crude rubber was selling for 90 cents a pound. Today, although the Stevenson Plan is still in operation, prices are only a little above 30 cents a pound. The laws of supply and demand have protected American rubber consumers against excessive prices, as they would have done if Mr. Hoover had withheld his somewhat provocative comments.

The Stevenson Plan, passed by Parliament in the autumn of 1922, authorized the Colonial Office to limit rubber output in British possessions. For a time the Plan was effective in reducing the stocks on hand and raising prices. But since 1926, although the limitations have been increasingly drastic, prices have been declining steadily. The reduction in output from British possessions has been offset to a great extent by the larger exports from the Dutch colonies. In 1922 about seventy per cent of the world's output came from British possessions; in 1927, only about fifty-five per cent. The scarcity of the raw product three and four years ago, moreover, so stimulated American efficiency in the reclamation of old rubber that our demand for new rubber is relatively much smaller than it was. The use of the reclaimed product, of course, increases whenever crude values rise.

Americans who resented the Stevenson Act in 1926 are now tempted to feel sorry for the British producers, who, after restricting their output for six years, find prices only a little higher than when the Stevenson Plan was adopted. The belief that the restrictions would have to be removed, which has been growing here for some time, was strengthened greatly by Prime Minister Baldwin's recent announcement that the merits of the Plan would be thoroughly investigated.

Any attempt to interfere with the natural workings of the laws of supply and demand, economists have long insisted, means only postponing and aggravating difficulties. The history of the Stevenson Plan confirms their theory. Cuban sugar growers, though, are not yet converted. They have been limiting their output for the last three years, with none too happy results.

They embarked on this policy in the 1925–6 season. The previous crop had amounted to more than 5,100,000 tons and prices had fallen from 5¼ to 2¾ cents. To prevent the market being glutted again, they limited their 1925–6 production to 4,800,000 tons. The following season it was cut to 4,500,000 tons, and this season to 4,000,000 tons.

The economists who warned against these measures seem to have been justified. Sugar sells now for about 2⅜ cents a pound, and the decrease in Cuban production has been offset by increases elsewhere. This season, for instance, her crop will be 500,000 tons below that of 1926–7, but the world output will be about 1,300,000 tons larger.

Cuba's capacity for production is as large as it ever was, while that of the rest of the world has been increasing. Crop reduction cannot be carried on indefinitely. This means that eventually Cuba will have to remove the restrictions and enter into a bitter competition with the rest of the world. In this competition she has great natural advantages, but the struggle will, in all probability, be much more costly than it would have been three years ago if there had been no limitations.

FROM the point of view of New England, one of the most interesting financial events of the year has been the declaration of a $1 special dividend on the common stock of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, the first since 1913. This marked the close of a stage in one of the most vigorous comebacks in the history of American railroading.

In the early years of this century the New Haven shares were "New England's rock-ribbed investment," and they sold as high as $279. They began to tumble in 1913, and in 1923 dropped below $10. Then, when the road seemed on the verge of receivership, the tide turned. Since then the recovery has been uninterrupted.

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Ivory Apes & Peacocks

SOME time ago we told you about a kind of window glass that admits the ultra-violet rays of the sunlight, and we held forth at some length on the advantages to be derived from exposure to these latter. So earnest were we about this that we were profoundly impressed by our own arguments, and started to look deeper into the subject. The result was the discovery of a lamp which, shortly to say it, simulates sunlight. We had always supposed that these lamps—such of them at least as were at all efficient—were bulky and very expensive. This one, however, packs in a case about the size of an ordinary suitcase and is within the means of almost any one—well, it's within our means, and we write for a living. In fact, we bought one. And used it to such purpose that our nose is peeling and our back is so sunburned that it is extremely painful for us to run our typewriter. Only our sense of responsibility to you keeps us at it today. In other words, it hurts us worse than it does you—the true missionary spirit.

But we were talking about the lamp. It is a carbon-arc lamp, of a type used in many sanitariums, plugs into any lamp socket, and burns a thousand watts. It is very simple to operate. You set it up on its tripod, put in the carbons, adjust yourself at a distance of fourteen inches, and turn on the light. You have to wear welders' goggles, a pair of which is furnished with the lamp, to protect your eyes. You start with three or four minutes' exposure the first day, and work up to fifteen or twenty. We started with six minutes' because something went wrong with our watch—hence the suffering above mentioned. We believe there are several kinds of carbons you can get—we took the ones that gave out the most ultra-violet.

We know a number of people who have bought these lamps, either for themselves or for their children, and they all seem pleased with the results. Ourself, we haven't yet used it long enough to know what it really accomplishes. Except that we will certainly acquire a tan beside which a Gloucester fisherman will look like something fungoid. If it really peps us up at all, you will probably be aware of it indirectly through the improvement in this column. And with this threat—on which you are free to make any comments you see fit—we will leave the subject of lamps.

AND here are some odds and ends that are interesting. Flexible Pará rubber coasters, to put glasses on. They are easy to clean, won't scratch the table, and are unbreakable. They come six in a box, in Venetian red, emerald green, stone gray, Copenhagen blue.

A good-looking paper-weight from Czechoslovakia—a crystal cube with the top side rounded so that it magnifies.

A smoke consumer, to put in a room where stogies or well-seasoned pipes are constantly in operation. They are said to free the air of smoke in some way, and to keep the odor out of curtains and hangings. We don't vouch for these, but they are sold by a reliable firm.

IF your library shelves tower toward the ceiling or if your closet shelves are beyond your reach, there's a convenient portable step that is dark-brown, peasant-finished wood, 22 inches high. It is built sturdily and so well-balanced that it won't upset. There is a handle at the top with which to carry it. We drew a picture of this to show what it looks like, but, as we told you, the editor doesn't like our art attempts. And, anyway, it didn't look very much like it.

WE saw a fire-screen yesterday which isn't particularly new, but is one of the most satisfactory we know of. It is of very fine wire mesh, fits just inside the fireplace opening, and can be pulled up or down exactly like a window curtain. When it is down, no sparks can possibly come through, yet it cuts off very little heat and is so fine as to be almost invisible when the fire is burning behind it. It doesn't give you the feeling of being shut off from the cheerfulness of the fire, as heavier screens do.

Some rather nice additions to fireplaces are the cast-iron plaques with archaic dancing figures in relief, which are set in the bricks at the back. They change and move interestingly as the fire flickers.

Old French-gilt andirons shaped like foot-scrapers give a decorative note to the hearth, and there are some brass andirons with double instead of single cast-iron rods which give a firm base to short logs.

For houses which have no chimneys you can get completely equipped fireplaces. One kind gives off heat, glowing through a grate full of make-believe coal. Another gives off no heat, but it flickers realistically. We don't like this latter one much. There's no more excuse for a fire that doesn't give heat than for a lamp that won't give light or a watch-dog that won't bark.

Over in Brooklyn there is a fireplace engineer whose specialty is smoky fireplaces. If yours smokes or won't draw or otherwise misbehaves, he will come and fix it for you, and he won't charge you anything unless he does the trick. A useful person to know about if you have ever tried to clean a room filled with soot from a smoky fireplace.

An attractive fire-lighter for a fireplace in a camp or country house works like all the other fire-lighters that have a long torch soaked in kerosene, but the container is an old English style cast-iron pot.

W. R. B.

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

WHEN Mrs. Wells read one of the tales from our "Tell Me a Story" page to her children, they all exclaimed immediately, "Oh, send in the monkey story!" So here it is, a delightful bit of nonsense, handed down for at least four generations in the White family.

When Mrs. Wells was little Sophie White, living with mother, brothers and sisters, and professor father in a New York settlement house, the children used sometimes to escape from the swarms of East-siders to Father's quiet study. There, before the fireplace, he told the monkey story, as his father had told it to him before another fireplace on Fifth Avenue, back in the middle thirties. Today, at another New York hearthstone, another group of children beg for their favorite family tale.

How the Monkeys Came to the Zoo

As remembered by Sophie D. Wells, an Outlook Reader

ONCE upon a time the Zoo ran out of monkeys. Now this was pretty bad, for unless there are monkeys no child will visit a Zoo, and with neither children nor monkeys, why have Zoos at all? So the manager asked a nice old professor to please go to Africa and catch a fresh supply of monkeys.

Of course, the Professor said yes, for this was a great honor; but, though he

had read much about monkeys in books, he knew little about monkeys in Africa, and he couldn't for the life of him think of any way to catch fresh monkeys alive. And though the Professor thought long and hard and read the encyclopædia through for the seventh time and burned his light till two A.M., and asked all his friends for help, not a plan could he find. To be sure, his friends were full of ideas, but their ideas were no good.

"I have it!" cried the Butterfly Professor. "Climb the trees and catch them in big butterfly nets."

But that was silly, because monkeys can climb ten times faster than professors and at least six times faster than even a circus performer; and, besides, no butterfly net would be strong enough to hold a great wiggling monkey even for a minute.

"Easy!" grunted the Trap Professor. "Set traps." But that was silly, too, for the monkeys might break their legs.

"Sh-sh!" whispered the Bird Professor, solemnly. "Put salt on their tails." Which, of course, was the silliest idea of all, as any baby bird could have told him.

So when the time came to set sail the Professor went aboard ship without a single idea in his head for catching fresh monkeys alive.

Every day, whether he felt miserable and seasick or hungry and well, he sat in his steamer chair, thinking, thinking, thinking, for he was a conscientious old fellow who wanted to do his best for the Zoo. He even asked the sailors and the captain for ideas.

"Show 'em a bottle o' rum! Haw, haw, haw!" roared the sailors.

"*Command* them to obey, and if they mutiny, clap them into chains," said the captain, sternly.

But when the Professor set foot on African soil he was no better off than when he started.

Now, no sooner had the white men landed than a tribe of natives, looking like woolly-headed monkeys themselves, came running down to the shore to watch, and, after proper introductions, the Professor told his problem and asked for help. He spoke only book African, but the natives grinned and grunted and pointed to a little dried-up fellow, who was the oldest and cleverest and blackest of them all.

The little old man scratched his wool, grunted, and said (in African, of course), "Monkeys copy men." Then he shut his mouth and would say no more.

But the Professor was not really stupid, and after pondering all night on the wise man's words, he thought of something.

Next morning, bright and early, he took a ruler and a large wash-basin and set out.

For hours he measured and calculated (for he was really good at figures), until finally he found the exact middle of the jungle. And there, just as he thought, under a big mimosa tree beside a brook was the monkeys' meeting-place for prize-fights, dances, lectures, and town elections.

The Professor filled the big wash-basin with water from the stream, set it under the mimosa tree, and began washing his face. To be sure, he had already washed it once that morning, for he was quite particular in his habits, but this time it was with a special purpose. He gurgled and bubbled and splashed till not only his beard but his shirt-front were sopping wet, and pretty soon he heard a rustling in the tree-tops. Without looking up, the Professor splashed louder than before, as though he were having a wonderful time. Presently a big black monkey swung himself to the top branches of the mimosa tree right above the Professor's head and stared down with his little beady bright eyes. Gurgle, gurgle! bubble, bubble!

splashed the Professor. The monkey disappeared, and was back in a minute with a big black brother, and the two of them hung, staring down with their little beady bright eyes. Presently the second monkey disappeared and fetched another, then the third brought a fourth, and so on, until at last the whole mimosa tree was crowded with monkeys, all staring down with their little beady bright eyes at the Professor, who by this time

(*Please turn to continuation, page 355*)

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The Movies

By ARTHUR SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Sunrise"

SEVERAL years ago a foreign film was brought to this country, to be acclaimed by critics as the world's grandest motion picture. It was called "The Last Laugh," and its director was F. W. Murnau, mogul of the mystical, trick-shot Germans. Financially, the picture was something of a dud over here, and the magnates muttered, musingly: "It's no use—they won't stand for Art." Now, if some one in the audience will lend us a couple of cudgels, we'll take them up in behalf of the film fans of America. Just this once, you understand.

"The Last Laugh" failed to click with American movie-goers because, in our belief, it was too utterly Teutonic. Every German imbibes reverence for a uniform with his mother's milk; and it will be remembered that the tragedy of the aged doorman concerned itself less with the loss of his job than with the necessity of facing his familiars without that gaudy gold-laced coat and cap. The German audience knew—they understood. The American spectators could only marvel at all this fuss over a livery.

Dr. Murnau has lately been brought to these shores by William Fox, and has made a new film, greater than "The Last Laugh"—greater, perhaps than anything which has gone before. Mr. Fox, it would seem, believed that, with a little judicious restraint, Dr. Murnau could turn out an artistic picture which wouldn't be *quite* so baffling to the folks out front. What a prophet Mr. Fox turned out to be! The Doctor has made good in a big, a very big way.

He has given us a film called "Sunrise," which has all the cock-eyed camera angles, all the weird chiaroscuro of "The Last Laugh." It has all the high tragedy and the heart-tugging comedy of that great picture, and it has something more. If "The Last Laugh" was Teutonic, "Sunrise" is cosmic. Its two leading characters move through scenery which could be found in Norway, or the Balkans, or California; they mingle with people of no apparent nationality; and yet there is nothing jumbled. The story marches on, now real and now half-real—just as life itself can be in times of stress.

"Sunrise" is the tale of what befalls a young farmer living, with his wife and baby, near an unnamed body of water. Into his life there comes a girl from the city, a silky siren, whose wiles so ensnare him that he agrees to get rid of his spouse by pushing her overboard. To tell more of the story would be to cheat you of some authentic thrills.

Janet Gaynor plays the trusting, wide-eyed wife with all the charm which kept "Seventh Heaven" from being a very dull picture, and George O'Brien is the husband. We have seen few bits of pantomime more expressive than the tense set of Mr. O'Brien's shoulders in the boat scenes. The city vamp is expertly handled by Margaret Livingston; and the other characters who iris in and out of the picture are all walking tributes to a master director's genius.

We have sometimes thought that a valid definition of a good moving picture might be as follows: A good moving picture is one which moves those who see it. "Sunrise" does just that.

"Rose Marie"

ITEMS one adorable French-Canadian filly who speaks in adorable broken English ("You mean—you 'ave *keel* heem?"). Other items: one Sergeant of Mounted Police named (you won't believe it) Terry Malone! One fugitive hero; one beard, named Black Bastien; one swollen torrent—is it enough? Listen: it's *more* than enough!

When, in the operetta of tuneful memory, the hero was a tenor and the action limited to a stage set, it seemed all right; but even if one is willing to excuse the above atrocities (and we, for one, aren't) the affronts to realism can never, never be condoned in the screen version of "Rose Marie."

We took our little son to this picture, and he embarrassed us dreadfully.

"But, daddy," he begged at one juncture, "if she can find him so easily, why can't the Mounted Police find him?"

"Hush!" said we, crossly.

"But, daddy," pleaded the tiny tot, "why doesn't he just *say* he didn't steal the canoe?"

So it went, until we smacked him and led him home.

They play (and sing) the "Indian Love Call" quite a lot during the showing of "Rose Marie;" but you probably have a phonograph.

"That's My Daddy"

REGINALD DENNY started his career in pictures by capitalizing his manly beauty and rugged physique.

His earlier appearances on the screen were in films which showed him fighting, wrestling, and swimming his muscular way to the goal of his desires and, of course, the girl of his dreams.

Then some one discovered that he was a singularly apt comedian; since that time he has been seen chiefly in farces which have invariably been billed as "fast and furious." Faster these farces have grown and more furious, until it has seemed that the stalwart *farceur* was likely to be swept into limbo by a very cyclone of inanity.

His current picture shows a perceptible slowing up, which indicates that good sense may be numbered among Mr. Denny's other likable qualities. There's a little girl named Jane La Verne in it, and the generous footage accorded her by the star is earned, every bit of it. Her work as the orphan child who wanted a daddy, and got him, can't be laughed off. Miss La Verne is about seven.

We like Reginald Denny immensely, and when he gets the film rights to "Cashel Byron's Profession" movie-goers may expect something really noteworthy. That's a prediction. Meanwhile, "That's My Daddy" is worth seeing, despite its title.

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George Gershwin and Jazz

(Continued from page 343)

"pre-medic course" at City College. But he had too much of his brother's spirit to stay where he was not happy. So he too "walked out on them" to be treasurer and secretary of "Colonel Lagg's Greater Empire Shows"—a Mid-West tent carnival to which a hamlet of a thousand inhabitants was a big stand.

"I was lucky to get that job," Ira told me; "the other treasurer had absconded. And I got $35 a week, too, only $5 less than the highest-paid man in the show—the wire-walker. But I had to put up my own tent, and that title, secretary-treasurer, is just a lot of hokum for ticket-seller."

George had already won his spurs as a musical-comedy composer before Ira entered the field. And rather than be known as the brother of a famous brother who got his job via the convenient alleyway of fraternal politics, Ira wrote his first lyrics under the name of Arthur Francis. For a long time he insisted that his musical brother refer to his lyrics as the work of "a college boy I know, who isn't so bad."

Arthur Francis had quite achieved success in his own right before he collaborated officially with George, though the plan that Ira become a lyric writer was first sponsored by his brother. But Ira had fully cut his teeth on the show "Two Little Girls in Blue" before he dropped the pen-name. He and George then wrote "Lady, Be Good."

IT was in the year of "Lady, Be Good" (1924) that George Gershwin wrote the epochal "Rhapsody in Blue." Here was something truly new in music. Jazz had indeed come into its syncopated own.

In commenting on this work Walter Damrosch said: "Various composers have been walking around jazz like a cat around a plate of hot soup, waiting for it to cool off . . . so they might lift it to the level of musical respectability. . . . George Gershwin seems to have accomplished that miracle."

So confident of this fact was the conductor of the New York Symphony that the next year, 1925, he commissioned Mr. Gershwin to write a jazz piano concerto. Gershwin accepted this commission the day before sailing to England to produce a show. "I didn't have any idea if I could write one, of course," he told me, "but I'd heard a few concertos at concerts"! ! !

He returned from England, and in one month he wrote the concerto—fully scored by himself for one hundred and ten symphony players.

Practically no other jazz composer orchestrates any of his work. Many of them, the "one-finger composers," must have a professional arranger to write the notes down on paper for them. Very few of even the literate popular-song writers ever bother to write their own harmonies.

The success of the concerto, while not as sensational as that of the "Rhapsody in Blue," was very solid indeed.

Since the concerto a one-act operatic sketch, "135th Street," has been produced. It was written long before, however.

I saw Mr. Gershwin a few weeks ago, following the New York opening of "Rosalie," and I can best characterize his present condition as imminently volcanic. Something is going to happen soon. He is so calm outside that his insides must be seething. Something big is coming. Is it another "Rhapsody in Blue"?

No one can say but George Gershwin himself, as he writes high up in the sound-proof studio at the top of his New York home.

Forgotten—the Department of Peace

(Continued from page 333)

event, the fruit of the Rodgers Act would have been slow in ripening. In fifteen or twenty years it will have filled the service with good men, but thus far its effect has largely been to boost the salaries of the "white-spat corps," men who would be of no service to the Department if they were brought home.

The men who are brought home, no matter how serviceable they may be, bring with them disadvantages. A $9,000 subordinate comes in to work for a superior who receives $6,000—or, at most, $7,500.

"A fair field," said Mr. Davenport, "for heartburnings and subconscious jealousies and general decay of initiative and hope."

This is only a little of the story that has been unfolding for ten years. And the public has paid it no heed—has thought of only such lines of it as read "Coolidgeconomy."

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Ludwig: The Story of a Writer

By HARRY SALPETER

BEFORE January, 1927, the name of Emil Ludwig was virtually unknown on this side of the Atlantic. By January, 1928, even those who read the tabloids with their lips had at least a faint comprehension of what he was, or represented himself to be. Today he is America's most distinguished visitor, even if not its most successful visiting lecturer.

The Fifth Avenue home of Otto H. Kahn is his address during his New York stay. Within twenty-four hours of his landing from the Majestic he was guest of honor at a literary luncheon over which the presumably witty Irvin Cobb presided. The "Cosmopolitan" has published "The Story of Emil Ludwig, by Himself." The "Pictorial Review" is publishing serially Herr Ludwig's "Life of Christ," which is to be issued in book form simultaneously in five countries in June—America, England, Germany, Austria, and France. Thirty of America's most powerful bankers assembled at luncheon within the first week of Herr Ludwig's arrival to look and listen to this latest visiting phenomenon.

A large New York theatre is crowded on the occasion of Herr Ludwig's first public lecture in New York. Curiosity is not so intense on the occasion of his second lecture. The third is postponed. The lecture tour is cut short by a month. His books, written in German, have been translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. He lectures in English. Also, he seems to be exclusively concerned, as a lecturer, with Bismarck and the German Republic. There do happen to be other shows in town. Then there are Herr Ludwig's own books to read. And he is planning new ones.

Within a week after his arrival he had filled a third of a little black note-book with small short-hand notes on his observations of American life, about which he had expressed himself as insatiably curious to every one of his numerous interviewers. There have been literally shoals of them. And, since he moves from "intuitive prepossession to evidential conviction," he already has arrived at conclusions about American life. But do not ask him what those conclusions are, for, should you do so, he will probably tell you, as he told me, that he is saving them in order to write about them or to lecture about them. Herr Ludwig is thrifty; he does not waste by-products. I had asked him to explain why he regards George Bernard Shaw, Masaryk, and Einstein as Europe's greatest men, and he had answered that he was saving the explanation for some biographical essays. I had asked him also what he regarded as the healthiest signs of German life today, and he had answered: "No, no, I cannot tell you that; I am saving it for a lecture."

During the first week of his visit the intention of Herr Ludwig to write the biography of a typical American had been spread across eight-column headlines. He refused to indicate whether the subject of this potential biography was living or dead, poet or statesman, or even whether he had come to a decision as to the identity of this subject. It is highly probable that during the first week of his visit Herr Ludwig himself did not know to which American he would serve as Plutarch. It is now definitely understood that in three years Herr Ludwig will turn over to Boni & Liveright the manuscript of a life of Woodrow Wilson. To be sure, only Ray Stannard Baker, whose first two volumes of the life of Wilson have just been published under the titles of "Youth" and "Princeton," has access to the family papers. Whether Herr Ludwig will be able to borrow them is doubtful.

His interest in Wilson is not new. In his "Genius and Character" there is a brief chapter on the war President in earnest conversation with the shade of Washington. Also, I am informed on good authority, Ludwig will do a life of Lincoln, a sure-fire subject, for another publisher.

What happened between January, 1927, and January, 1928—one short year—to convert an unknown quantity into the definite quantity which Emil Ludwig has assumed for American readers? To answer this question more fully, and to point the contrast more thoroughly, I shall have to go back to 1922, in which year the name of Emil Ludwig first appeared in Associated Press despatches dated from Berlin.

Ludwig had written a play on Bismarck's dismissal as pilot of the German ship of state. This play made use of data in the interdicted third volume of Bismarck's recollections and letters. The ex-Kaiser, from Doorn, and Frau von Boetticher, widow of the Minister of State, who was used by the Kaiser whenever he wished to communicate with his Ministers without the knowledge of his Chancellor, brought suit for an injunction against the representation of "The Dismissal" on the stage or its publication in book form. The injunction was granted. Herr Ludwig then went into a court wherein a miller had won a suit against Frederick the Great and won either a revocation of the injunction or prevented the temporary injunction from being made permanent. "The Dismissal" was produced, and ran for a thousand performances; but not because it was a great play. It is now part of the trilogy of plays published in this country under the title of "Bismarck: The Trilogy of a Fighter," which is not to be confused with the biography, "Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter." Three years after Herr Ludwig won his suit he published his biography of the ex-Kaiser, issued in America under the title of "Wilhelm Hohenzollern." This created a sensation in Europe, partly because it was an attempt to show that Wilhelm's bravura speeches and beatings of the war drum constituted defenses behind which he hid his weakness, his sense of inferiority, originating in the possession of a withered arm. Although this is distinctly a Freudian essay in biography, Herr Ludwig denies any debt to Freud. This was in 1925. Herr Ludwig was yet unknown to American readers.

About this time American publishers began receiving copies of German editions of biographies by one Emil Ludwig. A volume of biographical essays now known under the title of "Genius and Character" went the discouraging rounds. No one apparently wanted it, although it is selling well enough today, but only as a companion to his other biographies. "Napoleon" began going the rounds. Two publishing houses, at least one of which is hoary with age and respectability, rejected it. "Napoleon" came to Boni & Liveright. It languished in the office for three months, unread, for no one there could read German. One evening, in a German-American home where one of the executives of Boni & Liveright was a guest, the host made an allusion to the success abroad

(*Please turn to continuation, page 356*)

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by eight book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. In this book widely divergent lives are brought to the same, simultaneous end, thus giving the author the opportunity to unite in a pattern otherwise unrelated character studies. It is a wise and moving account of the workings of God's providence, beautifully written. Its popularity speaks well for our discrimination as readers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. The typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad, and emerging unscathed, to become a "fine American woman." Reviewed January 25.

"The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. This story of mediæval Europe is told in the sober tones of realism. The Duchess, ugliest of women, tries to sink the woman in the ruler, and fails. The background, the breaking up of feudal society, is tremendously interesting. The story is stirring and powerful. Reviewed January 11.

"A President is Born," by Fannie Hurst. Harper & Brothers. The story of the making of the perfect President is good reading for any one over fourteen. It is, in fact, a good suggestion for children in their teens. The characters are living and appealing, and the general interest wide. The ingenious device whereby the imagination of the reader is called into play adds not a little to the pleasure of reading. Reviewed January 18.

"Iron and Smoke," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co. This story of the friendship of two women, united by their common love for a dead man whose own love of the land has defeated and betrayed them both, is a fine character study and an interesting story of county England under the rapid changes of the last forty years. It should please lovers of able, tempered writing. Reviewed February 1.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. Those who enjoyed "Ariel" will want to read this and the change of subject from revolutionary poet to imperialistic statesman need not deter them. Disraeli, a romantic figure of an almost fictional type, is a happy choice for an imaginative biography. Maurois breathes life into the Victorian political figures. Reviewed by Lawrence F. Abbott, February 22.

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran & Co. This exciting story of the gallant German privateer of the World War, a figure of the everlasting romance of the high seas, makes good reading for adventure lovers. Reviewed January 4.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading for lots of Americans. We suggest that they follow it with "A Son of Mother India," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, E. P. Dutton & Co. Reviewed June 22.

"My Life," by Isadora Duncan. Boni & Liveright. This autobiography of a "natural savage" is the touching and often inspiring story of a great-souled romantic, which makes magnificent reading for those who have the sympathy, experience, and breadth of vision to understand this great personality. Reviewed by Lewis Galantière, January 18.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, and more or less reliable information. Reviewed November 16.

Two Travel East

"Nothing but the Earth," by Paul Morand, translated by Lewis Galantière. Robert M. McBride & Co. And **"King Cobra," by Harry Hervey.** The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

Some years ago two small boys from a Kentucky river town were domiciled alone, by odd chance, in what is called an "exclusive" hotel on the Place Vendôme. They became restive. They fought. One hurled a bronze ink-well at his brother, and it crashed through a Louis Quinze headboard, spattering a rose-satin wall. It did more than damage decorations. The next-door neighbor requested that *"Les sauvages"* be "removed." The neighbor was the Crown Prince of Siam. *"Les sauvages"* were removed.

That episode created a certain impression on the young mind of this reviewer—shall we say a first suspicion that there is a point of view regarding civilization which may be merely a question of which hemisphere we occupy?

Two wise men have come back from the East, bearing gifts. They offer their wit and tolerance, their sense of beauty, and the troublous glamour of "far-off things and battles long ago" in two books dealing chiefly with those ancient enemies, the Siamese and Cambodians.

Evidently, Paul Morand brought to his subject, "Nothing but the Earth," the completely open mind of a citizen of the world. The French are seldom such perfect cosmopolites. As M. Morand observes, they detest travel. Are they, then, so happy at home?

The author, on the contrary, sighs like the most modern Alexander, not for more worlds to conquer, but for more worlds to travel. He regrets that there is nothing but the earth, and would prefer this planet "infinitely flat," so that he could avoid the tiresome necessity of eventually arriving at his starting-point! Crossing America "like a bullet," with considerable independence he devotes a third of his book to Siam and Cambodia, leaving the rest to the account of his journeys in China, Japan, the Philippines, and various Pacific ports, so that the reader lays the book aside with the feeling of having read a vivid and penetrating study of the Siamese and their

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art and an urbane but rather casual foot-note on the other Far Eastern races. This is to the reader's advantage, however, for Siam has by no means been over-written. The Siamese "wonder why the word Siam is associated in the minds of Europeans only with Siamese cats, which do not exist in their country, or Bangkok hats, of which there are none in Bangkok, or the Siamese twins, whose existence is a mystery to them." The author concedes, "Siam offers nothing of burning interest in the history of the world or that of Asia. It is an anecdote, but a most charming one and one that has escaped the divers maledictions of our time."

M. Morand is caustic in speaking of the white residents of the Orient. "Conversation in Pekin is like the Jade Canal —a cloaca disguised with a beautiful name;" "Social life is like the partitions of the native houses, dirty paper with plenty of peep-holes." But Paul Morand is no reformer either of his own race or those commonly held inferior. He is, above all, suave, sometimes rather outrageous, but so civilized that surely no yellow gentleman would ever request his removal as a *sauvage*.

In an early chapter of "King Cobra" Harry Hervey objects that most travelers dodge the issue when confronted with the characteristic manifestations of sex, which in Oriental countries especially are likely to vary widely from Anglo-Saxon ideas of "news that is fit to print." He maintains, and quite plausibly, that a sex interest is as legitimate a part of a book of travel as of a novel or play, and that the omission of such interest is precisely the reason why most histories as well as travel accounts are dry reading—are not read, in other words. No one will charge that "King Cobra" lacks "sex appeal." It would be hard to imagine anything except a Ziegfeld review with more of "it." Nor does the author violate the proprieties as he unfolds the scroll of gorgeous jungle life, the rich history of the vanished Khmers, whose very name sounds so "mysterious," a sort of humanly articulate purr! The author is so fascinated by the complex civilization which he analyzes that he conveys his own delight in the riotous color of Cambodia, the tapestry of interwoven races—Siamese, French, Chinese. Under the spell of the "gods of the green twilight," enthroned in the forgotten wats or pagodas of the jungle, he returns to civilization reluctantly. He commends much in the French adaptability to alien customs, even in their easy-come-easy-go marriages with the natives. On the whole the book does not flatter the prevailing maggot of the Anglo-Saxon that he alone is divinely appointed to bear the white man's burden. In Mr. Hervey's opinion, the Englishman or American must remain the stern master or degenerate, since he lacks the tact of the Frenchman, who seems to be assimilated perhaps, but is not. However, the author is less concerned with political aspects of life in Indo-China than with the prismatic background and the mighty stream of life itself.

We must commend Mr. Hervey in particular for one evidence of his originality. He never once speaks of being east of Suez, with the usual implications, though it is that kind of a book.

MARY SHIRLEY.

A Reply in the Affirmative

"Does Civilization Need Religion?" by Reinhold Niebuhr. The Macmillan Company.

Emerson once remarked that when a preacher asks a fundamental question one knows at once what his answer is to be because he is prevented by his very office from taking a position contrary to the teaching of the Church. Thus he thought it was well-nigh impossible for a preacher to give a vital question an honest treatment. This is certainly not true of Reinhold Niebuhr, a young Detroit preacher, who is attracting increasing attention. He is fearless in his thinking and he is honest in his expression. When he asks such a question as gives title to his book, "Does Civilization Need Religion?" we do not know what his answer is to be. But of this we can be sure—he will give us an honest appraisal of the situation.

Although Mr. Niebuhr is much in demand at gatherings of college men and women and is a frequent contributor to religious periodicals, this, we believe, is his first book. In it he sums up much of what he has been saying and writing. Religion, he believes, "is not in a robust state of health in modern civilization." Vast multitudes in our cities are largely indifferent to it. It is losing its hold among the industrial workers, and also among the privileged classes. Its present plight is due to two facts: first, modern science, which seems to reveal an impersonal world order; and, second, modern industrialism, which has created an impersonal civilization. Thus religion, with its supreme emphasis upon personality, is hammered on two sides at once. Its metaphysics is attacked by mechanistic science; its ethical teaching is undermined by our heartless industrialism. Of these two, the undermining of religion by our machine civilization is the more to be feared, and the Church has made a mistake in so largely confining its defensive to the other front. The great problems which face man today are how to gain the mastery over the instruments with which he has mastered nature, and how to bring the life of great social and political groups under the dominion of conscience and moral law.

Can religion help here? Does civilization need religion? Mr. Niebuhr's answer is, Yes. And this Yes is entitled to respect, because it is given after a frank admission of the extravagances and weaknesses to be found in religion. Here are some of the reasons (although not in his order) which the author gives for the faith that is in him. First, religion is the most effective known force for unifying human personality, and thus increasing its strength for social living. Not that this will invariably follow and automatically solve our social problems, but it can be very effective in that direction. Second, religion, by identifying man's ideals with the power of the universe itself, gives to men increased power for battling the social evils which threaten. There is that confidence of victory which prevents discouragement. Idealists without religion almost inevitably become cynical and despairing. Third, religion, with its high valuation of personality, gives a man a sense, not only of his own worth, but also of the other fellow's worth. His social imagination is quickened. He sees men, not as they are, but as they can become. Fourth, religion provides a technique for social living. It teaches men to love and to forgive. Fifth, and this point needs to be driven home today, religion insists on loyalty to the whole human family, rather than to a part of it, a class or a nation. And yet this without permitting men to lose sight of the supreme value of the individual

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man. In brief, then, Mr. Niebuhr believes that "the reverence for personality which is implicit in religion is necessary to establish an adequate motive and an adequate method of social reconstruction." Verily, civilization does need religion.

This book will repay thoughtful reading. We are not sure that statistics would bear out the complete loss of the industrial workers to the Church which the author assumes. Moreover, we would wish that he had written with greater care for the orderly and logical presentation of his material. However, we are convinced that the author has something to say to our modern civilization. That civilization will do well to listen, for here, indeed, is a prophetic voice.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Opulent Country Newspapers

(Continued from page 341)

supplant it while the doings of the neighbors appeal as news. The most successful country paper is the one that prints regularly the most names—little matter why, just so there is personal mention of people we know. It is this home touch that constitutes the greatest asset of the country paper, and it is something that cannot be taken from it except by another and better home paper.

WHATEVER the developments of the future, country newspapering has in these days found itself. It has passed from being a gamble with fate to a stable and accepted industry, with the same change of sentiment regarding its province as has affected the public utility. The public some time since realized that two or three light plants or two or three telephone exchanges were economically wasteful. Duplication of newspaper plants to serve the same constituency in a moderate-sized community was open to the same criticism.

Economists tell us that the ideal community is one in which all the businesses are fairly equal in prosperity and in financial position. Then each has respect for the other, and a sound civic pride and community advancement follow the co-operation of all the leaders of the city's activities. The country newspaper has taken its place among the enterprises of the town as an equal, serving with fidelity the town's interests. Its financial path is thus made smoother than of old, and it deserves its prosperity.

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Tell Me a Story

(Continued from page 349)

was out of breath and soaked from head to foot.

"Oo-chee! Oo-chee! Oo-chee!" they chattered to one another in monkey talk. "Wish't we could do that! Wish't we could do that!"

At last the Professor stopped washing, picked up his basin, and went home, leaving the monkeys in a great state of excitement.

Next day, at exactly the same hour (for the Professor was a punctual man), he was back at the mimosa tree. He filled his basin, set it down, and then, instead of washing his face, stepped behind a tall bush and waited.

He heard an excited rustle above his head, for the big black monkey, who had been waiting patiently since sunrise, had dashed off to fetch his friends and relatives. In a moment back they swung through the tree-tops, and hung there, staring down at the wash-basin with their little beady bright eyes.

"Oo-chee! Oo-chee! Oo-chee!" they chattered. "The man-monkey has left his plaything. "And down they swung, hand over hand, in such excitement and hurry that their big black leader landed plop! right in the basin of water, and all the others piled kerplunk! on top of him in a great hairy tangle of arms and legs.

Such a splashing and a gurgling and a bubbling—till there was no more water left in the basin. Then the Professor came out from his hiding-place, and the monkeys ran away.

Next day, at the same hour, he set the filled basin under the mimosa tree again, but this time he had brought a bag of sugar, which he poured into the water. Scarcely had he hidden behind the bush than there came an excited chattering and rustling in the tree-tops, for all the monkeys had been waiting since sunrise. Down they swung and began splashing about, and when the sugared water touched their tongues they screeched with delight and began to lick one another's wet faces, till the Professor be-

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hind his bush nearly burst his buttons with laughter.

So the new game went for several days. The news spread through the jungle, and monkeys of every kind gathered from far and near to join the fun under the mimosa tree.

And then—and then—the Professor sprang his great surprise. One day he set the basin under the tree as usual, but this time it was filled with the stickiest of sticky glue. The monkeys, waiting impatiently above, thought it only a thicker kind of sweet water, so down they swung in a great hurry and plunged in, hands, feet, noses, tails, and all!

Then what a screeching and a yowling arose in the jungle! The louder the monkeys yelled for help and the harder their friends tried to pull, the faster everybody stuck, until the basin was completely hidden under a crowd of struggling, chattering, frightened, furious monkeys.

"Aha!" cried the Professor, strutting proudly out from behind his bush, and he called to his helpers, hidden all about. Plop! went big bags over the monkeys' heads, the glue was washed off with some special stuff, and each bag was hung on a long bamboo pole carried by two men. Then, headed by the smiling Professor, the procession set forth, and after traveling miles through the jungle, reached the shore, where their ship lay waiting. The natives' eyes nearly popped at the sight of so many monkeys caught alive; but the oldest and blackest and cleverest of them all nodded his woolly head wisely; then the monkeys were carried aboard. Instead of being kept in stuffy berths, they were let loose in a nice big, airy cage on deck; somebody gave them peanuts and bananas and water, and they soon fell asleep.

As the ship rolled and tossed, they smiled, dreaming of windy days in the African tree-tops, and when they woke and saw only men's faces staring through the cage, with big waves rising beyond like green mountains, they put their big hairy hands to their faces and cried and cried. For several days they moped, all homesick and many seasick, but when they found bananas and peanuts and water appearing in their cage like magic every day they began to chatter to one another: "Oo-chee! Oo-chee! Not so bad. Better than rushing around the jungle hunting food and watching out for lions and tigers." And pretty soon they were swinging happily through the cage, making the sailors laugh.

One day their big black leader scrambled to the top of the cage, screeching: "Oo-chee! Oo-chee! Oo-chee! See the tall stone trees on shore!" and there they were in sight of the skyscrapers of New York.

After much confusion and a long, jiggly ride in dark wagons, they reached the Zoo, where the proud Professor watched them all safely unloaded into their new cages.

And there you will find them, crunching peanuts and bananas, cutting up monkey-shines, and staring with their little beady bright eyes at laughing boys and girls. And whenever the Zoo needs monkeys the old Professor sails for Africa again with a ruler, a wash-basin, and a bottle of glue.

Ludwig : The Story of a Writer

(Continued from page 352)

of a biography of Napoleon by one Ludwig. The following day "Napoleon" was put into the hands of some one who could read German, was commended for publication, translated, and published.

Without "Napoleon" there could have been no Ludwig vogue in America. "Bismarck," "Wilhelm Hohenzollern," and "Genius and Character" are manifestly subsidiary to "Napoleon." Even the publication of "Napoleon," under normal circumstances, might not have created that vogue. "Napoleon" is a fat book, consisting of about 700 solidly printed pages. It was to have been sold for $5, which is a fair price for a book of its bulk. Then the Book-of-the-Month Club, with 40,000 subscribers, expressed a desire to have "Napoleon" as its January, 1927, book. For reasons which need not be examined in this place, the Book-of-the-Month Club cannot order for its subscribers any volume the retail price of which is more than $3 per copy. For the sake of that wholesale order Boni & Liveright reduced the retail price of "Napoleon" to $3, accepted the Book-of-the-Month Club order, approximately 40,000 persons began reading "Napoleon," and several thousands of these readers began talking about a biography which had the tang and the sweep of fiction, and the name of Emil Ludwig was no longer utterly unknown to the American public. Since January, 1927, "Napoleon" has been selling at the average rate of 1,000 copies per week. In America alone 100,000 copies have been sold. This means that 200,000 persons, at the least, have read "Napoleon." No less than ten persons have read my copy.

Long before "Napoleon" had become a success of esteem, or a success in the crasser sense of the term, its publishers had considered, and rejected, "Wilhelm Hohenzollern." This rejection cost them the American rights also to "Bismarck," which Little, Brown & Co. has made a best-seller, although on a smaller scale than "Napoleon." Subsequently Harcourt, Brace & Co. published "Genius and Character," G. P. Putnam's Sons published Wilhelm Hohenzollern" and the trilogy of plays on Bismarck.

Although Herr Ludwig is only forty-seven years of age, he has been writing since the age of fifteen, and much of what he has written, apart from his biographies, consists of drama and fiction. From a confidential source I learn that some of it is terrible. This fact will not necessarily prevent much of it from being put out in translation. Probably within the year there will be issued a translation of his Mediterranean travel impressions. In his boyhood he wrote "tender lyrics and darkly wild rhapsodies. The former have been discarded." At twenty-five he wrote a play on Napoleon. As a boy he wrote a ten-page essay on Goethe which subsequent years of research and mature reflection have not invalidated. It was a "psychological essay" on Bismarck which first made him known in Germany, although his plays, previously, had seen publication but not production.

During his London visit a year or more ago, in which city he was lionized no less than he has been in New York, Ludwig wrote an article for the "Daily Express" in which he said that his masters in biography were Plutarch and Carlyle. (His masters in thought are Goethe and Nietzsche.) He seeks to emulate these, he wrote, in lucidity and in energy, and in his attempt to apportion to the inspirer some of the glory of the inspired he asserted, "Had Plutarch never lived, Napoleon would not have been Napoleon." By implication he tries to reconcile his love for Napoleon with his democratic pacifism: "I tried to oppose war, since its technique now precludes heroic deeds." He had said in one interview that the relation of a biographer to his subject—as his to Napoleon—should be that of a lover to a mistress, "You have got to have a love affair, not just a marriage, with the person you are describing." He attempted to explain in another how the ex-Kaiser, for whom he had expressed something like mild contempt, falls into the classification of an intellectual mistress; while in an article he declared that he has not written a life of Mozart for the probable reason that he loves him too much.

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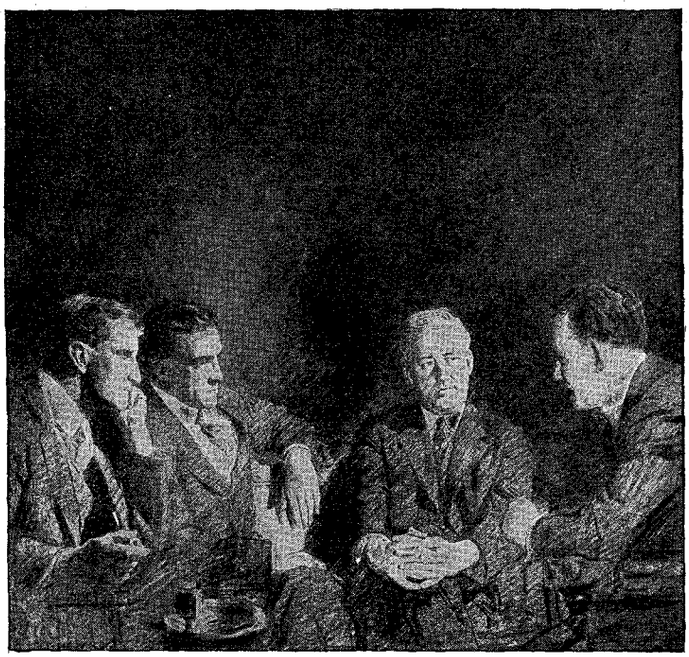

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INSTITUTIONAL executives, social workers, secretaries, dietitians, cafeteria managers, governesses, companions, mothers' helpers, housekeepers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

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WANTED—A trained nurse who desires change of occupation and scenery to spend several months on ranch in Wyoming to assist in care of small baby. Box 7, Shell, Wyo.

WANTED—Lady, Protestant, teacher, governess, not over thirty, for girl thirteen. Country. Good reference. Salary seventy-five dollars a month. 8,281, Outlook.

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COLLEGE graduate, traveled extensively abroad, visiting friends in France during July, offers his services, any capacity, in exchange for passage. Excellent references. 8,285, Outlook.

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HOUSEKEEPER, managing, companion, hostess. Gentlewoman, not servant. Excellent cook, capable, experienced. Highest references. 8,284, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper in home where children need mothering. Experienced. References exchanged. 8,282, Outlook.

POSITION as nursery governess by woman who is very fond of children. Experienced. References exchanged. 8,283, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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3 More Real Estate Sections March 28 April 25 May 30

First

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What to Buy—Where to Buy

HOMES—ESTATES—FARMS—RANCHES—REAL PROPERTY

FOR SALE, RENT, OR LEASE

Copy for Next Section due on or before March 16

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For rent, delightful houses for season in beautiful Bermuda. All types, every convenience. List and details. Mrs. Grosvenor Tucker, Hamilton, Bermuda. Cable: Teucro, Bermuda.

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California Bungalow for Sale

7 sunny rooms, 2 baths, shade trees, lawns, gas furnace, solar water heater. Beautiful location on hill above orange groves. Ideal for children. Mrs. E. H. PFEIFFER, Redlands, Cal.

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"Abandoned Farm"

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Attractive old-fashioned house in good repair, 8 rooms, modern conveniences. 3 acres, trees, flower-garden, fruit. On State road between Hartford and New London. Center of 5 bus lines. Some antique furniture available. 9,007, Outlook.

Norfolk, Connecticut

For Sale or rent, Charming House with garage, 4½ acres, 2 brooks, beautiful trees. Apply owner, P. O. Box 148, Norfolk, Conn.

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5 rooms, bath, electricity, 2½ acres finely landscaped. Pine grove, roses, greenhouse, barn. Grape-vines. 200 yds. to harbor and trolleys. Adapted for development. 1 hr. to N. Y. Plaza 0739. 39 E. 50th St., N. Y.

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Attractive Water-Front Properties on Santa Rosa Sound, on the new Gulf Coast Scenic Highway.
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Maine

BAR HARBOR, MAINE

Water-front cottage. $500 season, including boat. Arthur Pray, 17 W. 44th St., N. Y. City.

CAMDEN, ME. Seashore and mountains combined. **For rent,** fully furnished, including bed linen, several cottages, $500 up. Plans and full description. **J. R. PRESCOTT, Newtonville, Mass.**

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Furnished Cottages, with or without bath, $75 to $350 season. Ocean view. Tennis, golf, boating, bathing, fishing. EVA WHITEHOUSE, 141 W. 72d St., N.Y.C. *Tel. Susquehanna 2748.*

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Offer For Sale: FARMS city and suburban properties;

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For Sale, Spacious Summer Home in the pines near the beach. 5 bedrooms, attractive living-room, all conveniences, 2-car garage; 2 acres, near Belmont Hotel and Herring River, West Harwich. Water and land sports near at hand. Further particulars, **Walter A. Briggs, Esq., Attleboro, Mass.**

FOR SALE, at Craigville, Mass.

fully furnished summer cottage, 9 rooms and bath, 5 bedrooms, large sleeping-porch, sun-parlor, fireplace, double bath-house on finest bathing beach. References exchanged. Address Cottage, Box 71, Wall St. Sta., N.Y.City.

House in the Berkshires To Rent for balance

of winter or for summer season, furnished house in Pittsfield, Mass. Excellent location, oil heat, electric refrigerator. House redecorated within year. 14 rooms, 3 baths, 2 lavatories, large sleeping-porch. Owner South for winter, and desires to go to Europe this summer. For further information write **Mrs. Philip R. Freeman, 1903 Gadsden St., Columbia, S.C.**

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Bungalows on green dunes near ocean. $200–$600 season. Herbert Lloyd, Bound Brook, N.J.

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Moderate Rentals
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Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
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Attractive modern cottage directly on lake. 9 rooms, 2 baths, electricity, garage. Adjoins club. Golf, tennis, saddle horses. For sale. Full commission to brokers.
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Attractive furnished cottage. 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories, electric lights; garage, 5 acres. Unobstructed view of three mountain ranges. Within short motor ride of eight golf courses. No repairs necessary. For rental during summer season or for sale at less than cost. J. B. HARDON, 87 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

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All modern conveniences, fireplaces, sleeping-porches, garages. Far Mt., on State road; Windy Ways, on lake—fine bathing, canoeing; beauty spots of Franconia Valley, White Mts. C. H. Raymond, Lawrenceville, N. J.

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279 acres; large tract growing timber; 350 tree orchards, productions of which have taken many blue ribbons; **10-room colonial house** with all city conveniences; 2 barns, 2-car garage, ice-house; on elevation commanding wonderful view. Further information, 8,959, Outlook.

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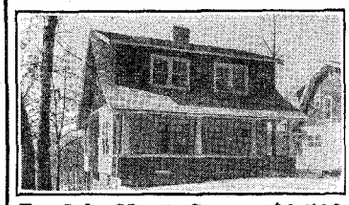
FURNISHED HOUSE

8 rooms and bath. Good location. July 1–Sept. 1, $150 month. Herbert Lloyd, Bound Brook, N.J.

New Jersey

FOR SALE BAY HEAD, N. J.

3-story frame cottage, 10 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping-porch, 1-car garage, compete outside copper screens, 2 squares from the ocean. $10,000, including furniture. Commission to brokers. **R. R. Foulke, 505 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.**



For Sale, Morris County, $8,500

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FOR SALE Summer Home, Furnished

6 rooms, bath, barn, 218 acres, large porch, spring water. Ideal for children or invalids. Brook. **I. M. Rice, Center Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N.Y.**

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The summer home of the late James K. Hackett, with good highway to State road. Two beautiful places on main shore accessible from State road. Two desirable island cottages and unimproved points on main shore. **JOHN O'LEARY, Clayton, N. Y.**

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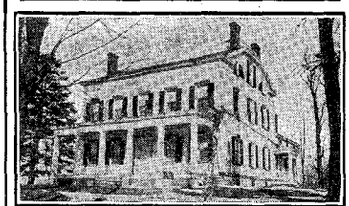
18-room brick country dwelling, 20 acres land, 1 mile to N. Y. Central Station. Other buildings. Price $60,000. Terms.
ALVIN D. POND, Cold Spring, N. Y.



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7-room furnished house in the woods, 1 mile from Bear Mountain Bridge. 600 sq. ft. of screened porch. Apply to
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For Gentiles. New attractive, furnished housekeeping bungalows, located on large tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150 to $300, including garage, ice, firewood, and rowboat. MACE & NICOLLS, KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

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Furnished cottage, bath, open fireplace. Jay, Essex Co., N. Y. Hot and cold running water, electric lights. $275 for season. Convenient to supplies. Central for touring. A quiet place to rest. ALMON WARD, Ocoee, Fla.

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On LONG LAKE, N. Y.

Six acres of woodland with 1,100 ft. of shore-front on most desirable point two miles from village. Five-room camp, completely furnished, including silver, linen, blankets, etc. House has large living-room, 32'x18', with big stone fireplace, small kitchen, three bedrooms, and bath with running water. Ice-house filled. Boathouse containing good six-passenger motor boat (Fay & Bowen engine), rowboat, and canoe. This very desirable property will be sacrificed for $10,000. For further particulars write to Mrs. GEORGE J. ABBOTT, 1055 Ardsley Road, Schenectady, N.Y.

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Fully furnished, grand piano, 8 bedrooms, 2 sleeping-porches, 4 bathrooms, 3 fireplaces, dining-room, kitchen, study, garage, electric lights. Apply to
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A lake of romantic beauty; the most efficacious resort known for tired, nervous people, convalescents and children. Furnished season cottages to rent. Write for booklet.
CHARLES L. WEEKS.

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130 ACRES; 10-ROOM HOUSE
heat, bath; good barns, orchards, pond. Offered for quick sale at $13,000.
Rural Life Co., Kinderhook, N. Y.

TO RENT Lake George, N. Y.

Summer home, furnished. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, and all modern conveniences. Ideal location. Dock and garage.
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Ideal for family with children. North Shore, Long Island. Rare location, 60 miles from New York, among wooded hills overlooking water. 7 bedrooms, 3 baths. 4 acres or more. Address owner
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Picturesque Old Mill

Stream, pond, dam, trees, and 125 acres surrounding. 70 miles from N. Y. Suitable for country estate. **Ralph C. Brown, Riverhead, L. I.**

FOR SALE beautiful 12-room brick house on

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FOR SALE 100-acre dairy and truck farm, well watered. Modern

10-room house, fine barn equipped with all labor-saving conveniences. Situated just off State road, 1 mile from Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y. R. D. 3. S. H. LIVINGSTON.

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4 mi. from Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 13-room house and 6-room cottage with all modern improvements, 6-room farmhouse. Full set of new farm buildings, 2-car garage, gravity water system. Fine location, good roads. Price $25,000. F. I. Bower, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., R. 3.

Rockland County, N. Y. 35-Acre Estate

14-room house, 5 baths. Guest house, gardener's cottage, 16-room tenant house. Garages, barn. Swimming, fishing, boating. Ideal for country home, club, sanitarium or school. MORRIS & GANNON, Valley Cottage, N. Y.

FOR SALE Six-Room Cottage, Furnished

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FOR SALE Fine Dairy Farm

in Saratoga Co., N. Y. Write or see
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Hunters Lodge, Sullivan Co., N.Y.

For Sale—Large 13-Room House

2 baths, spring water, fireplace, large rooms, wide porches, beautiful mountain scenery. Opportunity for lake, private trout pond, large barn. Pleasant, ample grounds. 25 to 900 acres joins, nearly all wooded. Ideal for hunting and fishing club, Scout camp, or residence. Terms and price reasonable and low. Inquire of ALBERT HOLCOME, Acidalia, N. Y.

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SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

New York

Yankee Lake, Sullivan Co. Lovely summer cottage 4 large rooms. Property consisting of 10 acres, 4 acres cleared. Beautiful view to lake. Garage, vegetable garden, fruit trees, Christian community, 90 miles from N. Y. Good road running through property. Splendid opportunity for hotel, camp, or real estate development. Owner, MR. ALVIN WIEGNER, 537 W. 149th St., N.Y.C. *Phone Audubon 2040.*

For Sale or Rent Cottage on Springfield Road. All modern conveniences. White Face in distance, ¼ mile from river. Write IRENE JAQUES, Wilmington, N.Y.

Furnished House for Rent until October, 1929. 10 rooms 3 baths, garage, sleeping-porch, hot-water heat. MRS. ANSON BALDWIN, 11 Dudley Pl., Yonkers, N.Y. *Phone Yonkers 1440.*

Fine Old Colonial House FOR SALE within two miles of Cornell University. Hand-made brick; newly rebuilt; all modern improvements. Six acres, spring water. Address Owner, 8,977, Outlook.

Pennsylvania

FOR SALE New 6-Room Bungalow, exclusive plan; exceptionally located in the garden spot of Pennsylvania, near Lancaster City. A. L. FRANTZ, 238 East Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

Rhode Island

FOR SALE, Country Residence, near Westerly and beaches, built ten years; modern conveniences of a city home, situated on high elevation. Field-stone construction, abundance of fruit and shade trees, flowering hedges and groups. Inquire of C. S. SISSON, 110 Dyer St., Providence, R. I.

For Rent or Sale At Winnapaug Near Watch Hill, R. I. Attractive furnished cottages, 7 bedrooms and 3 baths. Also exceptionally fine shore lots adjoining 18-hole golf course. S. H. DAVIS, *Realtor*, Westerly, R. I.

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Hunting Preserve in South Carolina
To Lease—A 5,000-acre hunting preserve in South Carolina. Old colonial house on plantation, situated between Wateree River and excellent road; 25 miles from Columbia, 27 miles from Camden. For further information write Mrs. Philip R. Freeman, 1903 Gadsden St., Columbia, S. C.

Vermont

FOR SALE Brandon, Vt. Not in flood Country Home ¼ mile to Park St. by golf. Large buildings, hardwood floors, fireplace, furnace, baths. 10 acres best soil, shade, fruit, grove. Suitable for tourist camp, tavern, market garden, etc. O. A. GEE, M.D.

Vermont

Furnished Houses
FOR SUMMER RENTING
Address Mrs. C. L. Lee, Dorset, Vt.

FOR SUMMER RENTAL on beautiful Lake Willoughby, Westmore, Vt. Commodious 9-room house, modern conveniences, ample grounds, auto storage. Terms moderate. References exchanged. Address T. H. ROOT, Westmore, R. D. 2, Orleans, Vt.

Virginia

Canadian-type Log Cabin in Virginia
Located on 3½ acres, wooded prominence overlooking historic James River, 5 miles from Richmond. Commodious cabin equipped with running water, furnace, city electric lights, electric refrigeration, 2 bedrooms, living-room, dining-room, bath, kitchen, garage and servants' quarters. For full particulars write Dr. C. W. Taber, 105 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va.

The Catholic Here and Now

(*Continued from page 338*)

charitable, and courteous. Catholics rightly cherish the fact that the first declaration of the principle of toleration, according to which no man is to be persecuted for his religious beliefs, came from Lord Calvert, proprietor of the Maryland colony. From the very first days of the settlement, governors were obliged to take an oath that they would not molest any believer in Jesus Christ "on account of his faith;" and when this oath was transformed into a law during 1649 the wording was less tolerant than Catholics would have liked to see it, because the power was no longer entirely in their hands. Out of the experience of Maryland and those other colonies which imitated its example the Fathers of the Constitution were enabled to derive that counsel which made them embody into the fundamental law, though in a manner not altogether positive, the principle of religious liberty.

THESE things are perennially significant, butt hey constitute only a part of the service rendered by what may be termed colonial Catholicism. Dr. Bolton has listed, in the fashion of a scholar, the contributions made by Latin settlers—notably the French and the Spanish—to our custom and culture. Such historians as Claude Bowers have introduced into general American history glimpses, at least, of what the Irish did to advance the cause of liberty. Still other men have pointed out the conscientiousness with which Catholic citizens have taken their part in the Nation's wars. I consider it more expedient, however, to remember the vast number of those whom the Church has induced to devote themselves voluntarily to purely idealistic enterprise as priests, sisters, and teaching brothers. Year after year these "forces of charity" have constituted, not a corps of officers for the political advancement of the Papacy, as some zealots profess to believe, but a hard-working army bent on seeing to it that millions of average John Joneses do something better than sit on a spiritual park bench. I believe it quite possible that the quality of American Catholicism will improve; that, existing handicaps of one kind or another having been overcome, an advancement incomparably superior to anything achieved in the past should be registered. But surely, enough has been done to discredit the stupid ballyhoos of the unwise.

From all this it follows that, while the body of American Catholic citizens do not profess to be endowed with recipes for curing all the Nation's ills, they are quite sure that they possess a formula which will contribute something to the Nation's health. One will look in vain to the Church for the answer to the Muscle Shoals problem, or for an adjustment of the farm population to modern industrial conditions. But it seems to me incredible that any thoughtful American, surveying the dimensions of the present addiction to crime, to an individualistic conception of romantic bliss, and to the abandonment of Christian convictions, should fail to feel that the Catholic Church is an invaluable ally in the battle against public and private evil. This is so much the more true because Catholics here are dedicated to the principle of toleration, not merely by the great Christian law of charity, but also by their manifold memories of the life lived by their forebears in this new land.

Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 344*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.
"Escape," Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an English gentleman, escaped from prison, plays hare to the constables' hounds in many exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what would you do if he took refuge with you?
"The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediæval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.
"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.
"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should.
"The Shadow of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.
"The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.
"Marco Millions," Guild Theatre.—Satirical comedy; O'Neill's beautiful spectacle of Marco Polo's trip to Venice and China; the immature West meeting the wisdom of the East.
"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.
"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—Better than Ziegfeld's good ones.
"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.
"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

The Movies

(*See page 350*)

"Beau Sabreur."—The so-called sequel to "Beau Geste." Lots of sand, but no ginger.
"Chicago."—A meaty, amusing melodrama with a big performance by Phyllis Haver.
"The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin. Drop everything and go.
"The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo looks lovely and tries hard.
"Drums of Love."—D. W. Griffith is himself again.
"The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks in an outsize picture.
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Laughs and pretty girls and pretty vague.
"The Last Command."—The mighty Jannings, with a good story, good direction, and good support.
"Love Me and the World Is Mine."—Directed by Dupont, but misses fire badly.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson, Lionel Barrymore, and an inadequate copy of "Rain."
"Simba."—A fine animal picture.
"The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch picture, and a good one. Ramón Navarro, Norma Shearer, and Jean Hersholt.
"13 Washington Square."—You'll come to no harm, exactly.
"West Point."—William Haines, authentic settings, utterly preposterous.
"Wings."—A fine war picture, marred by the well-meant efforts of Clara Bow.

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